CHECKING UP ON PETER'S SMILE **DONALD KIRK**

THE NATION

MAY 6, 1978 60 cents

UPSALA COLLEGE
LIBRARY
MAY 1 - 1978
EAST ORANGE, N. J. 07019

Carrots for Oil
THE REAL COST OF PRODUCTION
John Tirman

●

Coal's Future
A STRIKE THAT ENDED AN ERA
Curtis Seltzer

THE ATTORNEY GENERAL'S LOOSE GRIP

Griffin Bell Pleads Ignorance

Dorothy J. Samuels & James A. Goodman

an exchange

CARL COHEN vs. THE VILLAGE OF SKOKIE

BLACKLISTING LIVES ON

The Intelligence Laundry

Bill Wallace

Richard Lingeman / On Literary Cloning
Ernst Pawel / The Dissent of Russian Women

14737 AG2
UPSALA COLLEGE LIBRARY
E ORANGE NJ 07019 * 1278

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Cohen vs. Skokie: An Exchange

Skokie, Ill.

As Senior Attorney for the Village of Skokie, I wish to take serious exception to "Skokie—The Extreme Test of Our Faith in Free Speech" by Carl Cohen [*The Nation*, Apr. 15] and to the editorial accolades which your magazine has bestowed upon it.

Mr. Cohen and your journal have, in my opinion, created a great disservice to the rational consideration of the many complex issues involved in this very significant case. The article is properly described as a "Socratic discussion." Like Plato, Mr. Cohen wrote both sides of the dialogue. Such a treatment has no validity in the consideration of this matter unless the dialogue accurately portrays the position of the main protagonists—Frank Collin and the National Socialist Party of America on one side and the Village of Skokie on the other.

The ACLU has placed itself in an adversary position by defending Frank Collin. Mr. Cohen, as an official of the ACLU, is of necessity an advocate. Nevertheless, as a responsible scholar, it was his duty to examine source materials and it was the duty of your journal to question his objectivity. Both Mr. Cohen and your journal failed in these obligations. The obvious source of material for the position of the Village of Skokie are the briefs and arguments, and testimony presented by the village which are on file in the U.S. District Court and are on hand in the office of the ACLU lawyers.

(*1*) No Skokie ordinance mentions "symbols offensive to the community." The ordinances in fact, taken together, proscribe the public display in the course of a demonstration of materials which portray depravity or criminality in persons by reason of their parentage for the purpose of inciting hatred and violence against them.

(*2*) A very large portion of Mr. Cohen's article is devoted to answering an argument which he attributes to the Village of Skokie—that the demonstration should be prevented because of the riots or other disorders that might result from it. The brief filed by the Village of Skokie in the U.S. District Court specifically *disavows* this contention. The village's position is that the demonstration itself is an inherently violent act, quite a different matter.

(*3*) Mr. Cohen states that the best argument against the proposed march would be the injuries inflicted upon the Holocaust survivors in the Village of Skokie. He then makes the statement that this is *not* the argument advanced by the Village of Skokie. Our position from the beginning has been based primarily upon the psychic traumas which the demonstration would inflict upon the Holocaust survivors.

(*4*) Mr. Cohen misapplied the opinion of Mr. Justice Holmes in connection with the famous ". . . fire in a crowded theatre" analogy. Had Mr. Cohen read the opinion he would have known that Mr. Justice Holmes referred to no captive audience in a physical structure. Rather, he applied this phrase to the right of the United States to curb anti-war activities in World War I.

Mr. Cohen concludes . . . that the Skokie demonstration should be endured by its victims as their contribution to a more perfect society.

Messages are best interpreted by the giver and the receiver. Mr. Collin and the Holocaust survivors know exactly the message which Mr. Collin's demonstration would convey: "You escaped us before, you Dirty Jew, but we are coming and we will get you." Mr. Cohen is insensitive or naive in believing that by staying at home, the message can be avoided.

Behind the ACLU position is the fear that the prohibition of this message might serve as a precedent for prohibiting a march by black civil rights groups in hostile white communities.

If they marched with signs saying, "Death To Whitey" then the precedent might obtain. If they march for their constitutional rights, any use of the Skokie precedent would be unthinkable.

Your journal and the American Civil Liberties Union are confident that by supporting the Nazis you are supporting free speech. You are mistaken. The fate of unpopular groups is primarily dependent upon the social and political climate at the time and the personal predilections of judges. Legal precedents can be turned around, misconstrued, ignored and misapplied. No legal scholar who has lived through the anti-Red hysteria following the two World Wars could conclude otherwise. . . .

Gilbert Gordon

Ann Arbor, Mich.

Mr. Gordon's thoughtful letter reinforces one theme I sought to emphasize in my essay: many of those who would block the Nazi demonstration in Skokie are very sensitive to the central value of free speech. Even if mistaken (as I believe Mr. Gordon is), he does not represent unthinking narrow-mindedness. He and the Nazi blockers of Skokie take themselves to understand free speech with as much depth as does the ACLU. Those of us who conclude in the end that public demonstrations must be protected, even for those whose aims are as despicable as the Nazis' and even in such places as Skokie, must not fail to appreciate the pain that may flow from such demonstrations. I am keenly aware that it is not I—many miles from the scene—who must bear that pain.

Yet distance does not disqualify one from considering the merits of the arguments. That was the object of the essay to which Mr. Gordon takes exception. His complaints, however, deal only in part with the arguments, and then not systematically. "Messages are best interpreted," he insists, "by the giver and the receiver," suggesting that the interpretation of a public message is the key to its permissibility. It is not. No doubt the words and symbols of the Nazis will be taken by different people differently: some will shrug, some will laugh, some will tremble. That is true of very many controversial opinions. We must not allow the interpretation of the receivers to limit the freedom of the senders.

Mr. Gordon, surely with honorable intention, forgets that the First Amendment makes no exceptions. Justice Hugo Black used to say that he reckoned that when the framers of the U.S. Constitution wrote "Congress shall make no law . . . abridging the freedom of speech, or of the press . . ." they must have meant *no law*, because if they had had any exceptions in mind they were surely clever enough with words to specify what those exceptions were to be. Survivors of the Holocaust in Skokie rightly claim from us the most sensitive awareness of their special circumstances. But they may not claim an exception to the First Amendment.

Mr. Gordon contends that, if the Nazi message is prohibited in Skokie, the use of that precedent to block other "constitutionally guaranteed" messages would be "unthinkable." But the use of law to silence political opinions—on the Left more commonly than on the Right—because of the alleged danger and evil of their content must have slipped from his memory. It is he who reminds us, quite correctly, that "Legal precedents can be turned around, misconstrued, ignored and misapplied."

Turning to his four specific complaints:

(*1*) Skokie's three ordinances, adopted in the effort to block this Nazi demonstration should court injunction fail, do indeed have the effect of banning certain symbols and literature offensive to the community. Careful reading of them will leave no reasonable doubt about their sweep or their intent.

(*4*) Mr. Justice Holmes's majority opinion in *Schenck* v. *U. S.* [249 U.S. 47,

(*Continued on page 526*)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

EDITORIALS

New Republic, New Mistakes

Last week, Allen Weinstein—having failed to accept our offer to reply to my review of his book in *The Nation*—published his "answer" to the review in *The New Republic*, a forum that yields him a number of advantages: First, *New Republic* readers have not seen the original review and therefore are in a poor position to appreciate how he distorts it in his comments; second, by publishing in *The New Republic* he has avoided the traditional format which would have permitted me, as reviewer, to respond to his rebuttal in the same issue in which it appeared ("Unfortunately," writes *The New Republic*, "fairness requires us to allow Navasky his turn," and so next week I have been offered limited rebuttal space); third, because Allen Weinstein is himself "too caught up in the minutiae" to unbog himself from arcana, as *The New Republic* put it in an unsigned prefatory note, they have taken it upon themselves to do some of his dirty work for him—and they introduce his apologia with an *ad hominem* diatribe of their own.

I intend to answer *The New Republic* in *The New Republic* and to answer Weinstein's why-didn't-Navasky-ask-to-read-my-transcripts-and-hear-my-tapes non sequitur by asking to read his transcripts and hear his tapes. Here, however, I want to deal with distressing new evidence of his failure to adhere to what I would have thought were fundamental canons of scholarship. It will be recalled that when I went to Weinstein's most important sources, to check the accuracy of the statements he had attributed to them, six out of six claimed they had been misrepresented, misquoted or quoted out of context. One would assume that, faced with such repudiations, a serious scholar would want to reinterview these people, some of whom were born around the turn of the century, to make certain—whatever he may have on tape—that he had not overrelied on or misinterpreted perhaps unreliable sources. Instead, Weinstein has impetuously charged all of his erstwhile sources with "recanting" out of ideological motives when they found out what he had to say. I find this assumption unwarranted in fact, unscholarly in method and ungenerous to the individuals involved.

In addition, further investigation reveals that Weinstein neglected to confront a single one of the principals of the case—Donald, Alger or Priscilla Hiss (to each of whom he had full access)—with the evidence he found most damaging against them and to hear their version. The failure to take so elementary an investigative precaution adds to the imbalance at the center of the enterprise.

It is charged in *The New Republic* and elsewhere that the questions we have raised—and new questions raised by Sidney Zion in *New York Magazine*, Alexander Cockburn in *The Village Voice*, Prof. Athan Theoharis in *Inquiry* and Judge Charles E. Wyzanski in a letter to *The Boston Globe*, among others—about Weinstein's documentation, are peripheral rather than central. Perhaps. But when one considers the five new examples of Weinstein's misuse of sources taken from his *New Re-*

IN THIS ISSUE

May 6, 1978

522 Cohen vs. Skokie: An Exchange

EDITORIALS

523 *New Republic*, New Mistakes — *Victor Navasky*
525 Checking Up on Peter's Smile — *Donald Kirk*

ARTICLES

527 Carrots for Oil: The Real Cost of Production — *John Tirman*
530 Eritrean Battle Front: The Cubans Move In — *Dan Connell*
533 The Attorney General's Loose Grip: Griffin Bell Pleads Ignorance — *Dorothy J. Samuels & James A. Goodman*
535 Coal's Future: A Strike That Ended an Era — *Curtis Seltzer*
539 Blacklisting Lives On: The Intelligence Laundry — *Bill Wallace*

BOOKS & THE ARTS

542 Ivinskaya: A Captive of Time — *Ernst Pawel*
543 On Blue Mountain Tower (poem) — *Jim Barnes*
544 Literary Cloning Scandal — *Richard R. Lingeman*
545 Levinson, et al.: The Seasons of a Man's Life — *James Sloan Allen*
546 Schnitzler: The Little Comedy and Other Stories — *Gerald Weales*
547 Koestler: Janus — *David Cort*
548 Indigenous Music — *Nat Hentoff*
548 Friday's Child (poem) — *Linda Pastan*
549 Theatre — *Harold Clurman*
550 Films — *Robert Hatch*

Editor VICTOR NAVASKY
Publisher HAMILTON FISH
Executive Editor ROBERT HATCH
Literary Editor ELIZABETH POCHODA
Contributing Editor BLAIR CLARK

Copy Editor, MARION HESS; Poetry Editor, GRACE SCHULMAN; Theatre, HAROLD CLURMAN; Art, LAWRENCE ALLOWAY; Music, DAVID HAMILTON; Dance, NANCY GOLDNER; Architecture, JANE HOLTZ KAY; Circulation, GLORIA SANGSTER.

Latin America, PENNY LERNOUX; London, RAYMOND WILLIAMS; Paris, CLAUDE BOURDET; Bonn, C. AMERY; Canberra, C. P. FITZGERALD.

The Nation is published weekly (except for first week in January, and bi-weekly in July and August) by Nation Enterprises and copyright 1978 in the U.S.A. by the Nation Associates, Inc., 333 Sixth Avenue, New York, N. Y. 10014. Tel.: 212-242-8400. Second class postage paid at New York, N. Y.

Subscription Price: One year, $21.00; two years, $37.00. Add $1 per year postage for Canada and Mexico; $2 other foreign.

Change of Address: It is essential that subscribers ordering a change of address give four weeks' notice and provide their old as well as their new address. Please give Zip Code numbers for both addresses.

Manuscripts: All work submitted will be read by the editors. The magazine cannot, however, be responsible for the return of unsolicited manuscripts unless they are accompanied by stamped, self-addressed envelopes.

Information to Libraries: The Nation is indexed in Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature, Book Review Digest, Book Review Index and the Public Affairs Information Service.

THE NATION

Volume 226
No. 17

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

public response (which includes many more) one is driven to ask at what point may the accumulation of such discrepancies be said to discredit the entire proceedings?

(*1*) In Irving Howe's front-page review of *Perjury* in *The New York Times Book Review,* he says that Weinstein adds "substantial material" regarding Hiss's involvement in the Communist underground. "And perhaps most striking," he adds, is the material which comes from Weinstein's interview with the Czech historian Karel Kaplan concerning Hiss's relationship with Noel Field, "a confessed Soviet agent." In response to my letter from Kaplan disavowing the imputation that he remembered Field saying anything that implicated Hiss in the passing of State Department documents to the Soviets, Weinstein writes in *The New Republic* that at his key meeting with Kaplan in Munich in 1977, he was "accompanied by another American professor, an Italian journalist and a translator. All of those present heard Kaplan describe Czech and Hungarian secret police interrogations of Noel Fields" [*sic*], in which Field said Hiss was "the other one involved," and, says Weinstein, Kaplan even wrote it up in the Italian magazine, *Panorama.*

The other American historian present was David Kennedy, a specialist in 20th-century history from Stanford University. What Weinstein neglects to mention and what Kennedy told me is that (*a*) Kaplan showed them no documentation to back up his claims; (*b*) that in any event they had no way of authenticating Czech documents; (*c*) that the Italian journalist, an editor of *Panorama,* ghost-wrote part of Kaplan's article; (*d*) that it was unclear from the article when Kaplan was reporting what he remembered from Noel Field's interrogation and when he was simply citing Hede Massing's book, *This Deception,* as his authority, and (*e*) that "The whole encounter with Kaplan was troubling. I told Allen I was very surprised he used any of it in his book."

(*2*) To confirm extremely damaging malicious gossip regarding a dinner party in Chicago in 1968 at which Priscilla Hiss was supposed to have indiscreetly admitted, in a fit of pique, that she was sick and tired of lying on behalf of her by then estranged husband, Weinstein cites a letter forwarded to him by Alden Whitman, formerly of *The New York Times.* Whitman has no memory of checking out a 1968 Chicago dinner party. Weinstein, who has already admitted that he never bothered to check out the story with Priscilla Hiss herself (she denies it), says the letter, dated December 7, 1974, was from Priscilla Hiss's sister-in-law to Whitman. We called Priscilla Hiss's sister-in-law to hear her side of the story and after pointing out that she didn't even attend the dinner party, she says of Weinstein's use of her letter, "My letter is quoted out of context to make it sound as if I were claiming that Priscilla Hiss admitted Alger Hiss's guilt in private although insisting on his innocence in public. This is simply not the case as far as I know."

(*3*) Weinstein cites a defense memorandum by a Hiss lawyer "who interviewed Sender Garlin, in which Garlin confirms that Chambers had disappeared in 1933 and 'gone underground' for . . . 'special work.' " It may sound trivial, but the citation is important because it is one of many Weinstein uses to place Chambers and Hiss as part of what he loosely calls the "underground" and to set the conspiratorial tone of the world in which Chambers and Hiss were said to operate. Despite the fact that he cites Garlin seven times (not including footnotes) he never tried to see Garlin, who says "I deny making those statements. Maybe the lawyer used those words, but I didn't. I may have said I didn't see Chambers but words like 'gone underground' are not part of my vocabulary."

(*4*) Weinstein's handling of Sam Krieger illustrates the limitations of his method. Because Krieger recruited Chambers into the Communist Party, his denial that he was the "Clarence Miller" involved in a major textile strike who later fled to the Soviet Union is of some interest. Listen to Weinstein on Krieger: "He too is on tape, and his words are also quoted verbatim, where they appear in *Perjury,* from the two interviews in 1974. Krieger denies having told me that he posed as Clarence Miller during the Gastonia, N.C. textile strike and later fled to the Soviet Union. But I never say in the book that *he* told me that. I learned these crucial facts from FBI documents and from conversations with two people who had been contacted by an emigre Russian woman whose mother had lived with 'Clarence Miller' in the Soviet Union during the 1930s. In 1975 this woman visited Krieger and identified him as Clarence Miller."

Perhaps Weinstein is right, though I doubt it since Sam Krieger can account with pictures, letters and scrapbooks for every year of his activities in this country when he was, according to Weinstein, in the USSR. But listen now to Krieger's most recent letter to me:

> At the beginning of our talks in 1974, I told Weinstein that Bill Reuben had interviewed me in Freeport, N.Y. a few years earlier and had made the mistake of thinking that I was the Clarence (Red) Miller of the Gastonia textile strike. So, to set the record straight at the outset, I specifically told Weinstein that I had taken the name of Miller when I joined the C.P. in 1924, because of my boyhood admiration for a Socialist tool maker of that name.
>
> We even had an extended conversation on this mixup in names. The transcript would show it. Let him produce it. . . .

The point again is that instead of going back to Krieger, having asked himself whether perhaps his own identification was imperfect (on a point entirely peripheral to the Hiss case), Weinstein assumes that this "recanter" is lying because he doesn't like Weinstein's message.

(*5*) There is also the bizarre case of Weinstein's use of Joszef Peter's smile. In my review of *Perjury,* I suggested that Weinstein had made rather too much of his Budapest interview with Peter, whom he describes as "the head of the Communist Party underground in the U.S." since what was ballyhooed as "inadvertent corroboration" turned out on inspection of Weinstein's footnotes to be an inopportune smile. In *The New Republic* Weinstein tells us it was not merely Peter's smile but the smile combined with Peter's *denial* of various charges against him which confirmed for him Peter's role in the underground Communist Party. Such dubious logic might speak for itself, but in this case we were fortunately able to ask Donald Kirk, a seasoned foreign correspondent with no particular views on the Hiss case one way or the other, to stop off in Budapest while traveling through Eastern

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Europe, to pay Peter a visit and inspect his smile for *The Nation*. What he found (see below) was more ambiguous than Weinstein's certitudes would seem to permit.

It is too soon to draw any morals from the Weinstein affair, but we are reminded of the dictum of the Italian historian, Gaetano Salvemini "Impartiality is a dream, but honesty is a duty." VICTOR NAVASKY

CHECKING UP ON PETER'S SMILE

Donald Kirk

Budapest

For a moment I was sure the place was barred and locked, as might befit the residence of a man fingered by Whittaker Chambers as the brains behind the Communist Party underground in Washington in the 1930s. I pushed against the wood-slatted gate, expecting it to creak slightly and then resist, but it swung open, and I followed a walkway through beds of vegetables and violets and lilacs, went up a few steps to a side entrance of the two-family house and pressed a bell under the name of Joszef Peter. An aged woman answers. Mrs. Peter? She was the maid, and spoke no English. A fox terrier leapt from the kitchen, barking loudly. The real Mrs. Peter, small, white-haired, in purple bathrobe, emerged from the dining room, shushed the dog and ushered me into the dining room. "You are certainly persistent," she remonstrated, as her husband, Joszef, also in bathrobe, wandered in from the living room, peering suspiciously through wire-rimmed glasses beneath silvering curly hair.

Mrs. Peter, on behalf of her husband as well as herself, had made it plain the previous evening that I would be less than welcome if I insisted on coming out to their home, on a gentle slope looking down toward the Danube. "I don't think after the experience my husband had with Weinstein . . ." she said over the phone when I explained that I wanted to ask him about his conversation with Allen Weinstein, who had interviewed him for *Perjury* in March of 1975. She let the rest ot the sentence slip away, then picked up angrily: "He [Peter] took it for granted he [Weinstein] was a man of integrity. He [Weinstein] admits my husband told him he didn't know anything about the case. He [Peter] is pretty disgusted."

The Nation had asked me to try to get in touch with Peter on my way back to New York from China. There were a dozen or so Joszef Peters in the Budapest phone book but after several false casts, *the* Joszef Peter answered, assumed that any American caller must want to speak to his wife, who is still an American citizen, and handed her the phone. Having once started, Anna Peter could hardly control her denunciations of the book—that is, what she and her husband knew of it from the reviews, since Weinstein had neglected, she said, to send a copy. Twice, she noted, Weinstein had written her husband—first to ask if he knew Alger Hiss or Chambers, then to ask about other names associated with the case. Invariably, she said, her husband had denied knowing any of them. "He wrote a number of times and said there was no point in his coming here. What was he to say when Weinstein said he wanted to come anyway?"

I told Mrs. Peter that I had little previous knowledge of the case and no real feelings about the rights and wrongs of it. *The Nation* had simply wondered, among other things, why Peter had smiled at a critical point in his talk with Weinstein while otherwise revealing little or nothing about his activities or acquaintances. The smile had seemed especially critical to Weinstein who reported it as Peter's main response to his suggestion "that his frequent use of the terms 'open' and 'secret' Communist Parties . . . indicated an awareness of that second realm which most Party 'functionaries' would deny having possessed." My report of Weinstein's mention of that smile seemed to upset Mrs. Peter more than the reviews. "I ask how the dickens will my husband remember if he smiled," she burst out. "Isn't that ridiculous? My husband is terribly annoyed that his name is mentioned as verifying what Weinstein wrote."

It is the smile, the half-smile of a skeptic, an intellectual who cannot help but perceive humor in the posturing and maneuvering, that I first notice about Peter as I shake hands with him in his home. "I'm a smiling person, you can see me now," he says, but the smile begins to fade when I ask about his "secret work" for the party. "It's nonsense," he goes on, Weinstein "took it from what's-his-name." What's his name? Chambers, of course. "He sent me Chambers's book [*Witness*], that I should see what he said about it. Weinstein talked about Chambers. I said I didn't know what it was all about. He sent me the book."

Perusal of *Witness*, in which Chambers describes Peter's alleged role in organizing and running the Washington Communist underground in the 1930s, seems only to have fortified Peter's denials. For one thing, he says emphatically, "I never met Hiss"—although Chambers had written that Peter "took an almost parental pride in him. . . ." He is less emphatic on the question of whether or not he had met Chambers. "I don't think so," he says, hesitating just slightly. (Peter told Weinstein that he might have met Chambers early in the 1930s in the office of *New Masses*.)

For all his reluctance to talk, however, Peter betrays a kind of philosophical acceptance mingled with bitterness over the circumstances that led him to leave the United States "voluntarily" in 1949 after the Immigration Service had issued a deportation order. "I was legally in the United States," he says. "They gave me the first paper but not the second. Then they kicked me out." Peter had indeed come to New York legitimately enough from Czechoslovakia in 1924, after having attended school and college in his native Hungary, but his penchant for adopting a bewildering variety of aliases while conducting Communist Party activities led ultimately to his undoing. He had carried the fraudulent passport of an Isadore Boorstein when he went to Moscow in 1931 as American

Donald Kirk, the author of two books on Indochina, specializes in reporting from abroad.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

representative on the Comintern and was arrested in October of 1947 for having re-entered the United States without a valid visa in 1932. The smile returns when I ask why he refused in his deportation hearings to admit that he was a party member—was it to avoid having to inform on other party members or was he really spying?

"The line of the lawyer was it was all nonsense, lies and I shouldn't answer anything. "It's all in the record. No Communist said anything at the time. This is so stupid—the 'secret Communist' and 'not-secret Communist.' "

Anna, who has been hovering over us during our talk at the dining room table, interrupts: "You know very well it was the policy of the Communist Party not to say anything that would compel them to name names." Peter continues, disparagingly: "Spy network—I deny it. It's nonsense. There's no point of saying 'spy network.' " Peter says he told a reporter at the time that "of course" he was a Communist but did not want to say so under oath. He did not want to talk on about his past and seemed almost bored when I asked about this name or that. "What nonsense," he says. "Let's stop it." Politely he shows me around the house.

"I'm pensioned now," says Peter—retired from his last job as an editor at Kossuth Publishers, a leading Budapest house. Sets of Marx and Engels and Lenin line the shelves of the living room; there is a small bust of Lenin. In the dining room are such titles as *Inside the Third Reich, The Green Berets* and *A Time to Die,* Tom Wicker's account of Attica. "I read everything," Peter avers when I ask how he spends his time. Oh yes, and he is "still a member of the Communist Party [the Hungarian one] and very proud of it." The dog begins barking again. "He always barks when people are leaving," says Peter, smiling broadly as we walk toward the door. Anna escorts me down the steps to the garden. "It has been very satisfactory here," she says. "I read and go to the theatre and enjoy life. I grow flowers. I'm an ordinary human being despite all you hear about Communists."

Instinctively, Anna talks on about her husband, defending him from the innuendoes of Weinstein, of Chambers, of others who say they knew him. "You caught my husband very much unaware," she says. "He's a very good-natured man. He usually laughs. He's a very jolly kind of man." Nonetheless she cannot hide the hurt of the Weinstein interview. "He said what he wanted to prove was the horrors of the McCarthy period, but if he claims he [Peter] smiled, he's protecting his own feelings." Now she is upset that she and her husband have also spoken to me, even though I try to assure her I will quote them accurately. "Weinstein said exactly the same thing." She says that when I called, "my husband was just too polite to say, 'no, don't come in.' " It is as if I, like Weinstein, had intruded upon the inner contentment they have known here since the turmoil of their lives in America. □

COHEN (*Continued from page 522*)

1919] concerned one who had been convicted of sending leaflets to prospective military draftees urging them, during World War I, to resist the Conscription Act. Clear and present danger to the security of the nation was the ground upon which that conviction was affirmed. We may differ about the wisdom of that judgment (Holmes himself appears to have regretted it later) and we may disagree about the wisdom of the clear and present danger test it introduced. What cannot be doubted is that the hypothetical case Holmes constructed to defend that test—that of a man shouting fire falsely in a theatre—is a wholly unacceptable ground for restricting political speech in a park. In the illustrative hypothetical case (which is before us) the false fire alarm creates a clear and present danger *because* it takes place in a crowded building. This central feature of the example (in addition to the impossibility of reply) is entirely absent from any Nazi demonstration in the open streets. It is the widespread misunderstanding and consequent misuse of Holmes's illustration that I sought to correct.

(*2* and *3*) On factual issues Mr. Gordon's exceptions are without warrant. He contends that the argument against the demonstrations based on the disorder they are likely to provoke has been disavowed by the Village of Skokie, and that the argument based upon psychic trauma has been theirs from the beginning. That is very misleading. Mr. Gordon reports truthfully, of course, concerning his own briefs in the litigation over the Skokie *ordinances.* But I was also clearly addressing, in my essay, the arguments presented by Skokie in support of an *injunction,* a *prior restraint* on speech, one actually granted and in force for months before being struck down by the Illinois Supreme Court. In seeking that injunction from Chancery Judge Joseph Wosik in Cook County Court, Chicago, on April 28, 1977, Skokie argued repeatedly, with their Mayor and others as witnesses, that the Nazis were detested there, and that furious anger and high emotion would surely lead to violence if the Nazis marched. . . . That was the Skokie argument at the very beginning; it was one of the arguments I sought to show unsatisfactory, although appealing.

Skokie did not abandon that argument speedily. When, on appeal, the original injunction was defended by Mr. Gordon (who now disavows this argument) he placed great emphasis upon the chances of violent audience reaction. Frank Collin might himself be attacked, Gordon suggested; and if the audience may attack the speaker, are we not justified in preventing the speech? His second argument in that appeal hearing relied upon the "fighting words" doctrine to which I also replied in my essay. Both are very bad arguments, as I tried to show at length; we are all served by Mr. Gordon's reflective decision to disavow one or both of them.

What really matters, of course, is not who presented which argument when, but whether any one or more of the arguments in support of restricting public speech in Skokie is sound. On this issue the Supreme Court of Illinois—in quashing the injunction against the Nazi demonstration—spoke eloquently:

> Nor can we find that the swastika, while not representing fighting words, is nevertheless so offensive and peace threatening to the public that its display can be enjoined. . . . We do not doubt that the sight of this symbol is abhorrent to the Jewish citizens of Skokie, and that the survivors of the Nazi persecution, tormented by their recollections, may have strong feelings regarding its display. Yet it is entirely clear that this factor does not justify enjoining defendants' speech.

Finally, I would respectfully report that I am no longer an officer of the American Civil Liberties Union, although still a proud member, and that my essay purports to represent no views but my own. On some matters I disagree strongly with the position of the ACLU; on this matter it has been both courageous and profoundly right.

Carl Cohen

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CARROTS FOR OIL

THE REAL COST OF PRODUCTION

JOHN TIRMAN

It has been a year now since President Carter introduced his energy program, and reports of 1977 earnings show that since then the petroleum industry, both the majors and the independents, has been doing fairly well. Mobil and Standard Oil of California (Socal) reported significant gains for the year, and even Texaco, Gulf and Exxon, though somewhat pressed by the dollar's slide (largely induced by the staggering oil import bill), showed adjusted gains in revenues and profits. The earnings of the domestic companies were even better: Atlantic Richfield, up 22 percent; Standard Oil of Indiana, up 14 percent; Getty Oil, up 19.6 percent; Continental Oil, up 20 percent; Quaker State, up 29 percent; Sohio, up 34 percent. And so on.

The interest in these numbers is not to report the obvious, that the petroleum industry is prospering mightily but to provide background for the oilmen's arguments that they need ever greater profits in order to find more oil—and, by implication, to reduce America's reliance on foreign supplies. Congress apparently is accepting the corporate line, with phased deregulation of natural gas prices.

The industry's argument is familiar. Reserves of petroleum are being depleted rapidly. The capital investment needed to explore for and develop new sources is tremendously high and becoming steadily higher. (One energy analyst for a New York bank estimates that capital of $1.4 trillion will be required in the 1975-85 decade to meet the demands of the Western consumer nations.) That would necessitate a rise in the price of oil from the current OPEC level of $12.70 per barrel to $43 per barrel. Without the capital, production will not meet demand, and when another shortage cuts into available oil, industrialized nations will be in danger of massive unemployment, economic dislocation and social unrest.

The key to the oilmen's equation is "capital formation," a combination of borrowing from the major banks, capital recovery through depreciation (a smaller amount, now that the infamous depletion allowance is ended) and profits. Borrowing becomes more and more difficult as long-term debt, now more than $40 billion, increases. New stock issues account for a minuscule amount of working capital. Depreciation accounts for 25 to 30 percent of capital requirements, and miscellaneous sales of assets contribute about 7 percent.

That leaves profits, which now provide more than 30 percent of the capital used by the oil industry. And, as the oilmen are quick to point out, earnings not only provide capital but also demonstrate the viability of the industry, seriously affecting its ability to tap capital markets successfully. Low earnings, therefore, have a multiple effect, the end result of which is reduced working capital and exploration commitments that gradually decline in relation to demand. Its conclusion: without high prices in the United States, exploration for new sources of oil and gas cannot be great enough to reduce imports of foreign oil.

The crux of the issue, as nearly everyone agrees, is domestic exploration/production versus imports of foreign oil. And as one looks over the post-World War II domestic oil statistics, it is evident that production levels and profitability go hand in hand. Production has dropped steadily since the Supreme Court allowed federal price control in the mid-1950s. However, after the price explosion of 1973-74, the number of wells drilled in the United States increased 77 percent and capital expenditures worldwide grew about 60 percent. But although production and drilling are up sharply, the lag has by now become so great that we cannot expect domestic production to ease the import problem by Carter's target date of 1985. The adequacy of U.S. oil reserves—both proven by drilling and estimated by geologists—appears to be less a problem than one might believe from the oft-heard doomsday projections. A 1974 report of the National Petroleum Council calculates U.S. potential reserves to be about 400 billion barrels recoverable. Estimating reserves is a notoriously inexact science, and many critics of the oil industry believe that the NPC projection is too high. Nevertheless, even half of that estimate would supply all U.S. demand at present rates for sixty years.

But the cost of producing oil from those reserves is more difficult to estimate, and the market conditions yield little information. As domestic drilling and production fell in the 1956-73 period, more and more investment capital went into foreign development. The probability of domestic supply shortages in the future had little visible effect on government or business activity as demand was increasingly satisfied by oil from abroad and relatively cheap natural gas. U.S. tax laws, the easing of oil import quotas and the extraordinarily low cost of producing in the Middle East encouraged the major corporations to shift their money and attention outside the United States. And they still do so: last year, despite increased drilling, domestic production rose only 1.4 percent, most of that attributable to Alaskan development, while imports rose sharply to 49 percent of U.S. oil consumption from 30 percent in 1975.

"Incentives" for the oil industry has been a subject of hot debate, at least since the windfall profits of four years ago. When asked in a Senate hearing that spring what they saw as an adequate rate of return on investments, executives of the major oil companies gave answers ranging from 12 to 19 percent. In fact, from 1965 to 1976 the return for the top thirty oil companies has been 13 percent worldwide and about 12 per-

John Tirman specializes in energy research for a national magazine.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

cent in the United States; in 1976 the return rate was 15.2 percent in the United States alone. Even by their own standards, profits have been within the range of the oil companies' own definition of "adequate."

But too much attention has been focused on profits and rates of return on investments with little regard for where these investments are made. During 1976 the total investment in U.S. exploration by the top thirty oil companies (representing about two-thirds of the industry) was slightly more than $1 billion. At the same time, net investment in fixed assets in the United States came to more than $37 billion for the same group, and investment in marketing assets alone exceeded $7 billion. Domestic exploration expenditure was 5.6 percent of all capital expenditures and was 2.5 percent of pretax income ($39 billion). And because investment in foreign assets and development approximately equals the U.S. figures, the proportion of domestic exploration expenditures to worldwide capital outlays is much lower. The oil industry might complain that such a comparison is unfair, but it shows what the priorities are.

Even more striking in the oil companies' investment picture is the growing impulse to diversify. It leads one to fear that the increased profits the industry will gain from price deregulation may not, as intended, go to exploration. For a number of years the industry has invested heavily in mining and chemicals, along with many lesser interests. More than half the nation's uranium reserves and two-thirds of its uranium milling capacity are controlled by a handful of oil companies. Fourteen of the top twenty holders of U.S. coal reserves are oil companies. And there is no sign that the pace of non-oil acquisitions and capital investment is lessening. Within the last four months, Exxon has bid $107 million for 87 percent of the Chilean copper company, Gulf is investing $600 million in coal production and $800 million in uranium mining, and Texaco has announced that its commitment for three new chemical plants now totals $500 million. In many cases the non-oil investments of the independents is even greater than those of the majors.

The oil executives' answer to those who question their diversification is simple: our oil business is "high risk" and operates in an unfriendly atmosphere of too much government intervention; we have a responsibility to our stockholders to make safe and profitable investments. In that context, therefore, it is interesting that both mining and chemicals have been a drag on profits, often producing significant losses and generally depressing the rate of return from oil operations.

Whatever the state of domestic investment and exploration, it has always been closely linked to the world oil situation. Several independent studies now suggest that the present world oil surplus will continue until 1988-90. The Saudis, in firm control of the world price/supply mechanism, seek to expand their productive capacity from 12 million bbls./day to 14-16 million bbls./day. Their partner in this expansion is, of course, Aramco—Texaco, Exxon, Socal and Mobil—a fixture in the Middle East for forty years. Aramco's unabated investment in Saudi Arabia, even after the embargo and U.S. gestures toward "energy independence" insures Aramco of effective control over the distribution of 70 to 90 percent of Saudi oil for the foreseeable future. It is true that the Saudi Government has "nationalized" the production assets of Aramco (60 percent now and the other 40 percent within a year), but the Saudis themselves prefer to call it "participation," perhaps a more appropriate term

Oliphant, Washington Star

An Energy Policy Is a Camel Designed by a Committee

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

given their dependence on the Americans for technology, refining and marketing. Thus the American firms will participate directly in determining production levels and availability of oil to the industrial consuming nations. In Sen. Frank Church's words, Aramco's "stake in Saudi Arabia is now so great that they have, in effect, become instruments of Saudi Arabian foreign policy." The involvement of the U.S. majors in other OPEC nations follows similar patterns.

Undoubtedly, Iran and Saudi Arabia have become the darlings of American foreign policy. The proposed sale of fifty fighter jets to Egypt and sixty F-15s to the Saudis is only the latest episode in a history of American armament sales to anyone with a petrodollar. Two reports from Congress establish the long-range tie between Arab oil and American guns. Both reports—one from the General Accounting Office, the other from the Senate Committee on Energy and Natural Resources—come to similar conclusions: that the United States must resign itself to a prolonged period in which arms sales will be the principal tool to maintain our access to oil. The Senate committee's summary emphasizes a U.S.-Arab "'special relationship' that embraces economic and military agreements" which are considered the "key to supply security," and cites the continuance of Aramco's "long-standing monopoly over the disposition of Saudi crude." The economic and political stability of the Persian Gulf states and a "U.S. commitment to the defense of the oil interests of the Gulf . . . constitute one of the most vital and enduring interests of the United States." And, in regard to the involvement of the oil companies in Arab economic development, the report concludes: "it is greatly in the U.S. interests to see that these are successful [and] may yet require a degree of responsibility, 'vouching' in effect for the American companies, which will be unprecedented for the U.S. Government. Yet the stakes involved in helping Iran and Saudi Arabia are great enough to warrant such a posture."

The implication seems obvious enough: U.S. Government and the multinational oil company involvement in the Middle East means that capital for oil exploration and production will continue to flow into OPEC nations rather than be used for a rapid development of our own substantial fuel sources.

One can argue, too, that non-OPEC oil sources outside the United States suffer the same kind of neglect. For example, development of potential reserves in Argentina, Canada, various parts of Africa, Pakistan and Australia could make a large contribution to world oil supply and keep OPEC prices down. But the constant focus on the Middle East seems nearly to preclude that possibility.

Although foreign policy initiatives in Iran and Saudi Arabia may guarantee an oil supply at minimally rising costs for the next decade, the period beyond that is most worrisome. It is thought likely that by then the Soviet Union, now the world's largest producer, will become a net importer of crude. Japan and Western Europe, with little petroleum of their own, will have to pay virtually any price OPEC and the multinationals demand. Where the less-developed countries will stand in this scramble is anyone's gloomy guess.

Moreover, the present oil surplus might disappear as early as 1985 if the Saudis, with their 12 million bbls./day capacity, cannot be convinced to raise actual production from their present level of 8.5 million bbls./day. Sheik Yamani, the Saudi oil minister, has recently expressed concern over the failure of Arab-Israeli peace efforts, the success of which "would undoubtedly have a positive effect on Saudi production policy." He has also frequently mentioned the strength of the dollar and America's uncertain energy conservation policy as bearing directly on crude production and pricing. In addition, reports of technical production problems in Saudi oil fields—including charges of Aramco mismanagement—have raised considerable doubt that Saudi production can ever exceed 12 million bbls./day, whatever the level of investment. In any event, the supply crisis will be upon us by 1990 at the latest. The United States has only a few years, under the best circumstances, to reduce oil imports to a minimum.

With new energy legislation initiatives likely this spring, the debate over domestic oil production may intensify. As oil spokesmen have repeatedly said, the National Energy Plan probably places too little emphasis on U.S. production. But the deregulation of new oil last August and the phased deregulation of new natural gas will not provide the "incentive" to raise domestic production enough to reduce imports significantly. The oil companies will continue to control production and distribution, and it is not in their interests to produce at a rate that will depress prices. Nor, with their masssive interests in the Middle East, do the majors have an incentive to increase their investment in U.S. oil resources. Other kinds of carrots and sticks are needed, and four relatively minor initiatives seem immediately possible: (*1*) End the foreign tax credit, which encourages investment by the oil companies in the Middle East and has resulted in a loss of billions of tax dollars. Its original intent—to provide a kind of covert foreign aid to Arab states—is no longer needed. (*2*) End the entitlements program, established in 1974 to aid the East Coast, which encourages the use of foreign oil in the United States by reducing its cost to U.S. refineries. (*3*) Demand a quid pro quo from U.S. oil firms, an arrangement which would trade off deregulated "new" oil and gas prices for a substantially greater investment commitment in domestic development. (*4*) Enact more comprehensive conservation measures. Carter's plan was a fair beginning, but only a beginning. For example, half the oil used in the United States is for transportation. Conservation in this area demands moderate measures like high mileage standards in cars, but must also involve a long-range planned commitment to mass transit and railroads, areas of persistent neglect.

In addition, the next National Energy Plan would do well to turn seriously to solar energy. The Council on Environmental Quality now estimates that 25 percent of total energy needs can be met from solar sources by the year 2000. The administration seems to be showing a somewhat greater awareness of the solar potential, and the President's statement in California during Sun Day celebrations in April affirms that increased awareness.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

However, the early reports of Department of Energy plans for new projects indicate that the "hard path" will continue to receive the most attention and money. The core of the new plan apparently involves outlays of $20 billion to $40 billion for synthetic fuel production facilities that may produce up to 4 million bbls./day, 20 percent of current U.S. consumption, by 1990. The fuel produced will be expensive, generally two to three times present prices for oil and gas. The beneficiaries of the loans, tax benefits and R&D money will be the major oil companies which will build and operate the plants. But even these production level and price estimates seem optimistic and, in any event, will only partially meet considerably higher demand in the last decade of the century.

To insure adequate domestic supplies of oil will require at least two controversial measures. First, the federal government should consider forming a public corporation to explore for oil and gas resources: vast reserves may exist on federal lands, for example, and leasing discoveries might underwrite the venture. Second, the oil companies should be divested of competing energy operations. Horizontal divestiture was being more talked about a year ago; as a candidate, Carter indicated his willingness to support it; so has Senator Jackson. The promise of coal, in particular, should not be compromised by the same myopic development decisions that have characterized oil policy. It is time that the sticks of democratic intervention begin to replace the carrots of "free market" fictions. □

ERITREAN BATTLE FRONT

THE CUBANS MOVE IN

DAN CONNELL

Eritrea

In the wake of the collapse of the Somali Army in Ethiopia's contested Ogaden region, the focus of war in the strategic Horn of Africa is shifting to Ethiopia's northern territory of Eritrea. (See Dan Connell: "Ethopia, Eritrea & U.S. Policy," *The Nation,* March 19, 1977.) There are strong indications that Soviet and Cuban forces will play a major role in the impending Ethiopian campaign there similar to that in the Ogaden during February and March. The results in Eritrea, however, are likely to be quite different both for Ethiopia and for the Russians and Cubans.

More than 3,000 Cuban combat troops have been airlifted into the besieged Eritrean capital of Asmara, and extensive preparations are underway in northern Ethiopia for the offensive against Eritrean independence forces. An airstrip is being built under Russian supervision for Ethiopia's new MIG jet fighters in the city of Makele, 80 miles from Eritrea's southern border, and supply depots are being set up in the cities of Gondar and Axum. A smaller airstrip is being built to accommodate light reconnaissance planes on the Dahlak Islands off the Eritrean coast, and army, navy and air force bases are being erected in the Eritrean port of Assab.

Until recently, Cuba had refrained from becoming involved in the politically complicated Eritrean war. A decade ago, Cuba aided the independence movement against Ethiopia's Emperor Haile Selassie I, but Castro's decision to lend full support to the present Ethiopian military regime appears to be leading him, like South Yemen, Libya and other erstwhile allies of the Eritreans, to side against them today. Cuban officials have in the past denied any intention of becoming directly involved in Eritrea, but State Department officials say that the number of Cuban troops in Ethiopia has now reached 17,000 and they are expected to move against Eritrea soon.

Diplomatic sources in Addis Ababa suggest that the attempt to regain control of the strategic coastal territory, with its two key ports on the Red Sea, is the first priority for Ethiopia's beleaguered military government as well as for the Soviet Union, which is said to be playing a major role in directing the overall military operations.

The Eritrean war is a unique and enigmatic phenomenon in contemporary world politics. The longest running armed conflict in Africa, it is also politically the most highly developed struggle yet to arise on the continent. At the same time, it is the war perhaps least understood. Current maneuvering in the Horn of Africa has complicated the situation, while further obscuring the fundamental issues involved.

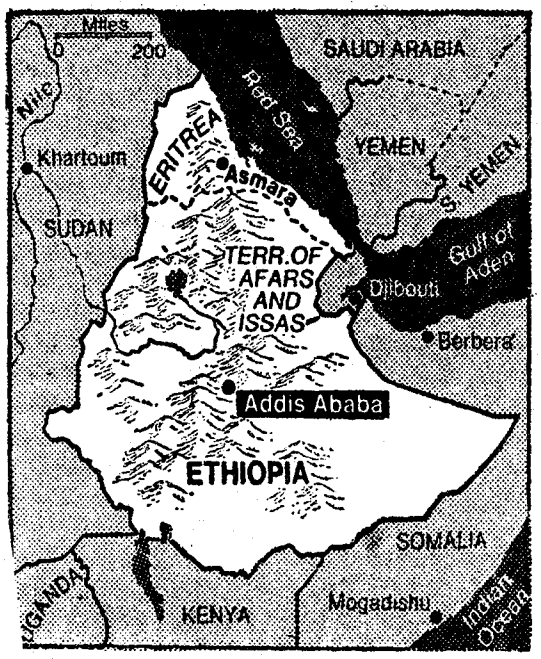
Eritrea's seventeen-year war for national independence raises a host of questions. Chief among them is why, in the first place, should Eritrea be independent from Ethiopia and what effect would that have on African politics? Second, what is the nature of the parties involved—where do they stand politically and what are they fighting for, or against?

The Eritreans have long argued that they are a colony of Ethiopia fighting a war of national liberation. Their critics characterize Eritrea as a "nation" within Ethiopia that is waging a secessionist struggle. In this dispute, the Eritreans receive little support. Other African states, fearing a precedent that might encourage separatist movements in their own often-fragile countries, have done their best to ignore the situation.

Still, the question persists. Regardless of the Eritreans'

Dan Connell is a free-lance journalist who recently spent six months in Eritrea with the Eritrean People's Liberation Front, contributing stories to Reuters, BBC radio, Le Monde, The Financial Times, The Observer *(London) and other newspapers. He is completing a book on the Eritrean war.*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



The New York Times Company © 1976

success on the battlefield—and today they are on the verge of driving the last Ethiopian Government forces out of their land—they must secure international recognition in order to declare and sustain their independence. Barring such recognition and the aid that must accompany it, they will find themselves eternally on the defensive against a well-supplied and heavily armed foe which has demonstrated that it will not hesitate to invade again and again until Eritrea is either vanquished or utterly destroyed.

The Eritreans argue that their situation is the product of a new historical circumstance. Located along the coast of the Red Sea at its narrow southern entrance, Eritrea has been an object of conquest for a succession of imperial powers. An Italian colony for fifty-five years—after being wrested from Egyptian control—Eritrea was briefly occupied by Britain before being federated to Ethiopia by the United Nations in 1952. Ten years later, Ethiopia's aging Emperor Haile Selassie dissolved the ill-fated compact and forcibly annexed the valuable coastal territory to his landlocked empire.

Ignored by the U.N. which was then preoccupied with the continental movement for decolonization from the declining European empires, Eritrean nationalists in 1961 launched an armed struggle for independence. Throughout this period, Ethiopia was generously supported by the United States and Israel, which were granted military bases in Eritrea as early as 1953 in exchange for commitments to arm, equip and train the Emperor's sizable army and air force. Without this support, say the Eritreans, Ethiopia would never have been able to sustain its annexationist claims.

What does it matter, the Eritreans ask, whether they are exploited and oppressed by Italians, Britons, Ethiopians or Americans? In each case, they paid high taxes to a foreign power. Their best lands were taken by foreign landlords. Their economic development was stunted to benefit the dominant country. Their democratic rights were denied; their protests were violently suppressed. The point is that these powers were exploiting and oppressing the Eritreans as a people and as a recognizable economic and political entity.

Today, the Eritreans face a new obstacle and a new argument. The Ethiopian military junta that deposed Haile Selassie in 1974 claims to be "Socialist" and has the backing of the Soviet Union and its allies. Now, say Ethiopia's military leaders to the Eritreans, we are "progressives"—you no longer need independence to settle your grievances. Soviet military aid far in excess of that previously offered by the United States gives ironic force to this argument. Quoting Marx and Lenin does not make you progressive, the Eritreans answer. Nor does Soviet aid. True Marxists know that unity cannot be imposed by force, they add, and our national rights and aspirations remain unchanged.

If viewed from the Eritrean perspective, the "fallout" from their independence would be minimal in the rest of Africa. No national boundaries would have to be redrawn, no states broken up, with two possible exceptions—Namibia (South West Africa) and Western Sahara (formerly the Spanish Sahara). Few Africans contest black Namibia's right to independence from white-dominated South Africa, though the history of the former German colony's relationship to its apartheid neighbor is similar to that of Eritrea's with Ethiopia. Western Sahara is another question. Annexed jointly by Morocco and Mauritania after being abandoned by Spain, the small but mineral-rich territory forces a challenge upon Africans much as does Eritrea.

Meanwhile, behind the theoretical issues lie the practical realities. During the past twelve months the protracted Eritrean struggle has moved decisively from the stage of mobile guerrilla war to conventional siege and assault warfare aimed at the handful of remaining fortified government bases in the larger Eritrean towns and cities. Independence forces have won a series of impressive victories and now threaten the main Ethiopian stronghold in Asmara. Over the past seven months, a steady flow of Russian heavy arms, Russian and Cuban military advisers and South Yemeni combat troops has failed to stem the Eritrean advance, and it now appears that large numbers of Cuban troops are being airlifted from Angola to join the next Ethiopian counterattack.

A six-month tour of Eritrea showed that guerrillas of the Eritrean People's Liberation Front (EPLF) and the Eritrean Liberation Front (ELF) control virtually the entire countryside. The EPLF dominates the north, east and center; the smaller ELF holds the western lowlands and sections of Eritrea's southern border with Tigray Province. The EPLF has also made gains in southern Eritrea, and both fronts overlap in the southeastern Denakil lowlands that stretch along the coast toward the remote port of Assab, through which Ethiopia receives most of its arms and supplies.

In early 1977, the EPLF went on the offensive against Ethiopian positions in the larger towns and captured a string of garrisons that run on a north-south axis across Eritrea. In January of this year, the EPLF overran a half

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

dozen Ethiopian bases outside Asmara. Before that, it also moved against the coastal city of Massawa, former site of a sophisticated American naval base and Eritrea's most important deep-water port.

The protracted battle for Massawa, begun in mid-December, enlisted the most substantial outside support yet given to Ethiopia, with South Yemeni crews driving tanks, Russian technicians firing BM-21 Katyusha multiple rocket launchers (known as "Stalin organs"), South Yemeni pilots flying the new MIG-21 jets, and Russian warships joining Ethiopian vessels in shelling the city. It was geography, however, that in the end forced the EPLF to settle in for a long siege as the Ethiopian forces retreated to the safety of the peninsular naval base and two small offshore islands, where they remain today.

Apart from Massawa, the only towns still in Ethiopian hands are Asmara, the port of Assab and small garrisons at Adi Caieh in the south and Barentu in the west. Both Asmara and Adi Caieh are also under EPLF siege, and Barentu is surrounded by the ELF. Recent fighting has been concentrated in the mountains southwest of Asmara. The EPLF's spokesman in Rome reported a major push by 10,000 Ethiopian troops on March 14 to try to break out of Asmara and crush the EPLF encirclement. It was turned back after four days. At the time of writing, the EPLF was reporting an attack of its own on Adi Caieh.

The EPLF spokesman also says that Ethiopian Airlines flights have since February been ferrying Cuban troops from Luanda, Angola, to Asmara. European diplomats in Ethiopia confirm the Luanda-Asmara airlift and say the flights were routed through Addis Ababa.

The Ethiopian position in Eritrea has become critical. The loss of Asmara would not only be a crushing military blow but also a severe political setback, likely to be followed by an Eritrean declaration of independence. Such a move would thrust this long-ignored war into international prominence just as the OAU was holding its annual summit meeting in Khartoum, Sudan, where support for the Eritrean cause is strong.

The impending Ethiopian offensive seems to be aimed at reopening supply lines to Asmara, where more than 20,000 Ethiopian troops and 200,000 civilian residents have been encircled since mid-October. Refugees and Ethiopian Army deserters say that the city is facing acute shortages of food, fuel, water and medicines. Emergency stockpiles have run out and a joint Russian-Ethiopian airlift—disrupted for three days in late December by an EPLF mortar attack—has not been able to keep pace with supply needs.

Among the factors favoring the Eritrean forces is the deteriorating morale of the Ethiopian Army, which has been repeatedly defeated south and west of Asmara in previous attempts to break the EPLF siege. Defectors say that the government has since November executed more than 100 dissenting officers and soldiers who voiced criticism of the military situation. The rate of desertions from Asmara is now running at fifteen to twenty a day, according to EPLF sources.

On the Eritrean side, the main assets appear to be high morale and a determination to win at all costs. And the Eritrean military strength is enhanced by broad popular support which takes the form of active civilian participation at the battle front. On the other hand, the rapid advance of the Eritrean Armies has left them with wide areas to defend against counterattack, whereas superior manpower and the massive buildup of Russian armaments—which include large numbers of tanks, armored cars, helicopters, MIG-21 and MIG-23 jet aircraft—give Ethiopia the ability to mount coordinated attacks in several directions at once. Under these circumstances, the chief flaw in the Eritrean defense has been the lack of unity between the EPLF and ELF.

The EPLF was born out of a split in the ELF in 1970 over the political and military direction of the then-foundering revolution. In 1971 ELF leaders declared a civil war against the breakaway group, and that lasted until late 1974 when the fall of the Emperor and public pressure from the Eritrean population, combined with their inability to defeat the EPLF, led the ELF to accept an uneasy informal truce with its unrepentant offspring.

The year 1975 was one of steady advance for the guerrillas. Within six months almost the entire countryside lay in their hands. For the next eighteen months, the war appeared from the outside to be a standoff, but in fact the rival liberation fronts were busily consolidating their base areas and preparing for the next stage. In this phase, the newer and more dynamic EPLF was considerably more successful than its flagging counterpart. By mid-1976, when I first visited the two armies, the EPLF appeared to have reached a par with its parent organization and was clearly in a period of sustained growth. Today it far exceeds the ELF in terms of size, military strength, level of discipline and organization and, most significantly, in popular support.

Several important contributing factors and key events are worth noting. To begin with, the ELF is principally a military organization with essentially nationalist goals. Though it has put forward an elaborate political program since 1971, in practice it has concentrated on military affairs and insisted that social and political change must await independence. The EPLF, on the other hand, considers itself primarily a political organization with a military arm. Wherever its fighters are—and in many places where they are not—its political cadres are educating, organizing and mobilizing the civilian population.

This difference more than anything else is what accounts for the other contrasts between the two fronts. The ELF's earliest stabs at guerrilla war in 1961 were aimed mainly at getting the attention of the U.N., which they thought would intervene on their behalf. Today the ELF is larger and better equipped than in 1961, but still seems to lack a comprehensive strategy for victory, and it has not advanced beyond the stage of partisan guerrilla warfare.

Since March 1977 the EPLF, on the other hand, has overrun a string of Ethiopian garrisons, killing or capturing thousands of government troops. The EPLF has also taken vast stores of arms and equipment, including

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

heavy machine guns, mortars, artillery, armored personnel carriers, heavy-duty trucks and even tanks. They are thus rapidly evolving into a conventional mechanized army with critical experience in positional warfare.

The EPLF ideology is a home-grown version of social revolution, aimed at transforming the social and economic relations of the Eritrean people in the process of gaining political independence. Its program is one of "national democratic revolution" based on a united front of all social groups opposed to the external foe. By implementing land reform, rent and price controls, and administrative reorganization in the villages and the cities, the EPLF has built a strong base of support among the middle and lower classes.

Negotiations toward unification between the two fronts began in October. These talks are apparently now yielding concrete results, with a formal united front established by the end of April, according to spokesmen for the organizations. An accord announced in March calls for an EPLF-ELF coordinating committee whose six members will integrate the military, economic, foreign and internal political affairs of the two factions.

However, Eritrea's internal problems are compounded by the existence of a newly formed third force known as the "ELF-PLF," led by Osman Saleh Sabbe, a former member of the EPLF foreign mission who was denounced by the EPLF leadership in 1976 for secretly negotiating a pact with the ELF. Though considerably smaller than either the EPLF or the ELF and in position only in a narrow area along Eritrea's border with Sudan, the right-wing ELF-PLF is receiving substantial aid from Saudi Arabia and the Arab Emirates.

The nationalist ELF has also received Arab military aid through Iraq and Syria, but it has been seriously weakened over the past year with members defecting both to the EPLF on the Left and the ELF-PLF on the Right. With the reported agreement on military actions between the EPLF and the ELF, there is the growing possibility of a small rear-area civil war between them and the ELF-PLF. That could strain their defenses against Ethiopia.

Time is a key factor. If the Eritreans can resolve their internal conflicts and withstand the impending Ethiopian and Cuban offensive until June, when the rainy season engulfs the highland plateau, they will be in a strong position to take Asmara and move south toward Assab, where the last and perhaps the most difficult battle awaits them.

Unlike the Ethio-Somali war, time also works to the Eritrean advantage by continually increasing the role of the civilian population. The independence of the EPLF from almost any external support has led them to concentrate heavily on internal mobilization. Thousands of volunteers are now undergoing military and political training at secret EPLF camps inside Eritrea, while others are being inducted into local militias in their home villages. EPLF cadres are also organizing urban guerrilla units inside the cities that are still under government control, and are arming previously clandestine groups in towns and cities that were captured in 1977.

At this stage, Ethiopia faces in Eritrea a universally hostile population whose fervent nationalism has reached a level that appears to be beyond compromise. Any advance by Cuban and Ethiopian forces would thus be subject to constant threat from within as well as from counterattack by the Eritrean Armies. While the large-scale introduction of Cuban combat forces and Soviet heavy arms may prolong the war, it does not appear likely to prove any more decisive in Eritrea than did U.S. troops and arms in Vietnam. □

THE ATTORNEY GENERAL'S LOOSE GRIP

GRIFFIN BELL PLEADS IGNORANCE

DOROTHY J. SAMUELS and JAMES A. GOODMAN

In a wide-ranging interview on his first fourteen months in office, Atty. Gen. Griffin Bell told *The Washington Star* (March 19) that he has "the best grasp of the job of anyone in modern times."

Bell's self-perception is especially noteworthy because it is so at odds with his performance. A review of his public statements over those fourteen months reveals disturbing gaps in the Attorney General's knowledge and understanding of important Justice Department policies and actions. The picture emerging is that of an Attorney General aloof from the day-to-day workings of the department, controlled by rather than controlling the Justice bureaucracy.

His testimony before the House Judiciary Committee provides a vivid picture of the Attorney General in operation. At the March 10th oversight hearings, Rep. Elizabeth Holtzman (D., N.Y.) expressed concern about a column (*The New York Times*, February 20) in which Anthony Lewis summarized a number of legal actions taken by the Justice Department and concluded that, under Bell, the department is establishing a record "disastrous in civil libertarian terms. She asked the Attorney General how department policy was determined in the cases Lewis had mentioned. Was the department's position the result of major policy decisions by Bell or of discrete actions taken by lowel-level Justice Department officials?

Bell said that he had no "formulated policy" in the civil liberties area and must depend on his policy makers.

Dorothy Samuels is the executive director and James Goodman the Washington, D.C. representative of the Committee for Public Justice, a national civil liberties organization. The group publishes the Justice Department Watch *report.*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Griffin B. Bell

He explained that the only case he had been acquainted with when he read the Lewis column was the department's suit against former CIA agent Frank Snepp. "The Snepp case," said Bell, "was brought to me because they knew it was going to be controversial."

Since the other cases mentioned by Lewis involved issues of constitutional importance, Bell's unfamiliarity with these matters is troublesome. Here is what Bell had to say about the other cases:

¶He did not know about a circuit court ruling that the Secret Service must explain to former *Nation* Washington correspondent Robert Sherrill why he was denied a White House press pass, and that the department was considering an appeal of that decision to the Supreme Court. (After the Lewis column appeared, the department decided not to appeal.)

¶He "forgot about" the department's attempt to delay a court hearing so that it could determine for itself whether Henry Kissinger's telephone transcripts, taken while he was at the State Department, were subject to a Freedom of Information Act request.

¶He "didn't handle" the cases involving the department's use of gag orders in civil cases, including the obtaining of a court order to forbid the disclosure of unclassified documents about CIA domestic spying.

However, it was Bell's remarks about *The Stanford Daily* case that provided the House Judiciary Committee with the most revealing example of his lackadaisical approach to his job.

This case concerns a 1971 police raid on the offices of the Stanford University newspaper in a search for photographs the newspaper had taken of a violent confrontation between students and police. The department's position in this landmark case about the right of a newspaper to function free from government interference is that police have a right to obtain search warrants in such cases, without even first being required to try to subpoena the desired documents.

Bell stated that he did not learn that the Justice Department was involved in *The Stanford Daily* case until he was asked about it at a press conference on February 2. This was two weeks after Bell's own Solicitor General Wade McCree had filed a Supreme Court brief in the case and after it had received considerable attention in the press.

Griffin Bell's offhand reaction upon learning about the *Stanford* case at his February 2nd press conference is typical:

> *Question:* Mr. Bell, why does the Justice Department go into a lawsuit that would give police authorities the right to raid newspaper offices without (inaudible).
> *Bell:* Is that so?
> *Question:* Yes.
> *Bell:* I didn't even know about that.
> *Question:* (Inaudible)
> *Bell:* What is it?
> *Question:* (Inaudible)
> *Bell:* I don't know about it. I will find out about that, though; I would be interested in that case.

The unwieldy size of the Justice Department bureaucracy obviously requires that the Attorney General delegate a large degree of decision-making authority, and no one can expect him to be aware of every action taken by the department's 55,000 employees. It seems fair to expect, however, that he will have a greater mastery of the details and substance of the department's operations than Bell displays.

Consider several other examples:

¶In March 1977, at a ceremony marking the release of the first major report funded by the Justice Department's Law Enforcement Assistance Administration (LEAA) after he took office, Griffin Bell called an LEAA-funded report on *Disorders and Terrorism* one of the "good things" that this Justice agency has sponsored. Yet the report recommends enactment of a host of repressive measures—including statutes providing for preventive detention and intelligence gathering, extensive use of informants, and secrecy legislation, possibly modeled on Britain's Official Secrets Act.

Because the recommendations of these LEAA-funded studies are looked to as models by state and local officials when they formulate policy, Bell's approving remark is significant. Nevertheless, he had not reviewed this report before endorsing it. Public concern about the report persisted, and more than two weeks after its release, Bell was asked about it at a press conference. He said that he had "not had a chance to read" *Disorders and Terrorism.* "I've got a lot of things to read," Bell went on to say. "The LEAA has, as I understand it, 55,000 programs going, and I've got a lot of things to read, and I haven't

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

gotten down to that one yet."

¶Last June, Congressional oversight committees were in an uproar when they learned that the Bell Justice Department had given the FBI permission to use the bureau's computer network for information exchange ("message switching") by state and local law-enforcement agencies. The FBI was given that permission by then Deputy Atty. Gen. Peter Flaherty in a May 19th authorizing memorandum.

Message switching would give the FBI access to vast amounts of new information and raises important questions about privacy and the bureau's role in local law enforcement. The Ford administration had shelved a proposal for message switching because of the controversy surrounding this use of FBI computers.

Attorney General Bell was not consulted on Flaherty's decision to back message switching. In early June, Bell told a House Government Operations subcommittee that he first learned about Flaherty's proposal from the newspapers and that he had yet to read the memo itself. "I must say I was in Atlanta on Sunday and saw it in the newspaper and it sounds like a sinister operation to me," said Bell, making light of this serious issue. (The Flaherty proposal, which authorizes message switching for all but computerized criminal histories, was also withdrawn in the face of Congressional protest. No final decision has been made on this matter.)

¶The Socialist Workers' Party's (SWP) multimillion-dollar damage suit against the FBI for the bureau's close to forty years of harassment has been front-page news for several years. Attorneys for the SWP in this suit, which is still in the discovery stage, have complained of the Justice Department's reluctance to turn over essential documents.

On February 22, New York Federal Judge Thomas Griesa warned Justice Department lawyers that he would "seriously consider contempt or imprisonment of defiant officials" if the department persists in disobeying the court's order to provide SWP attorneys with the files of eighteen of the 1,300 informants that the bureau had used over the years for surveillance of the party.

Given the public nature of this case, one would expect that Bell would have taken a direct interest in it. But in early March, when questioned by reporters about the judge's warning, Bell said that he was unfamiliar with the details of the case and left reporters somewhat bewildered by his statement that "it is the policy of the Department of Justice to obey court orders," but any "proposal to deviate from the policy of obeying court orders should have my personal attention." (Bell is now challenging Judge Griesa's order in the Supreme Court.)

There are grounds for wondering whether the Bell Justice Department is the ardent defender of the Bill of Rights and the symbol of impartial law enforcement that President Carter promised when he was a candidate. The Helms plea bargain, the handling of the Kearney case, the Marston affair, and the ITT cop-out produce such doubts. The instances cited above, however, raise questions about Bell on yet another level.

It may well be that the Attorney General knows more about major issues before his department than he lets on. Perhaps he believes professions of ignorance can shield him from accountability for actions taken by the department. But Bell's slipshod handling of important issues—which is how it appears from his own statements—points to a failure of leadership at Justice. □

COAL'S FUTURE

A STRIKE THAT ENDED AN ERA

CURTIS SELTZER

Washington

Coal miners have perfected a simple way of making history: they strike. For 109 days last winter, miners made history. Yet it is the future that follows from this strike, and from the contract that ended it on March 24, that will interest the next generation of historians.

An era has ended. For twenty-eight years, an alliance between the big Eastern coal operators organized into the Bituminous Coal Operators' Association (BCOA) and the United Mine Workers of America (UMWA) shaped coal's labor relations. Crafted by union President John L. Lewis and George Love of Consolidation Coal during a strike in March 1950, institutional partnership relieved the big operators of competition from within the industry and from other sources of fuel. By promoting mine mechanization, labor stability and operator-oriented contracts in the 1950s and 1960s, Lewis and his eventual successor, W.A. "Tony" Boyle, helped the industry survive twenty years of stagnant demand. But the costs to the miners of that partnership—unemployment, black lung disease, unsafe conditions and the repression of union democracy—produced a successful union reform movement that undercut the alliance itself. The reformers, led by current UMWA President Arnold Miller, ousted Boyle in December 1972.

Now the reform movement is dead, and so is the partnership. In place of reform is a militancy that promises to reshape the UMWA and may radicalize other union rank and files. In place of partnership is a struggle in the coal fields over who—miners or operators—will control the conditions and terms of employment. The repressive contract that 56 percent of voting miners swallowed last March after a winter of tight-lipped solidarity seems destined to produce more of the absenteeism, wildcat strikes,

Curtis Seltzer is a veteran coal reporter who now labors in the Washington pits.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

slowdowns and sabotage that have beset the Eastern operators for five years.

The promise of doubled coal demand by 1985 will reorder the balance of power among the operators as surely as will persistent labor turmoil. Oil companies and utilities have been absorbing the major coal producers and coal reserves for more than ten years. Today only three of the top fifteen producers are basically coal operators; the rest are owned by energy companies, utilities and steel companies. But although diversified energy corporations control about 24 percent of national output and about 30 percent of recoverable reserves, coal's political leadership has until now remained with the big Eastern operators: Consolidation (Conoco), U.S. Steel, and Pittston. Industry policy is still set by veteran coal managers whose rigidity and caution were formed in the lean 1950s and 1960s. A few years ago it was predicted that cheap, strip-mined Western coal would make the Eastern industry increasingly marginal. However, the 1977 Clean Air Amendments and other federal policies should sustain Eastern coal, which accounted for about 60 percent of 1977's 670-million-ton output. The big energy companies will accelerate the concentration of producing units and reserve ownership in order to control prices. Energy-owned coal companies in the strategic Midwest will be broken out of the BCOA: Zeigler Coal (Houston Natural Gas) has already gone, and Peabody (owned by a consortium) is going. Company-by-company bargaining will break the anachronistic grip of the Eastern operators and fragment the UMWA. Finally, the energy companies will infiltrate even-tempered, "rationalist" managers into their balky coal subsidiaries and phase the old coal boys out of collective bargaining. The 1977-78 negotiations may come to be seen as the last hurrah of 19th-century coal-field capitalists. Exxon will do for coal what the Rockefellers did for oil.

But that is only one plausible projection of developments over the next few years, and there are booby traps along the way. First, many coal-field communities in the East may find themselves unable to absorb the hundreds of new mining families that increased production will require. Because these communities have been chronically underdeveloped by a one-crop, colonial economy whose profits were pocketed by absentee owners, they lack the private resources and the public infrastructure to handle rapid growth. Land-stingy coal companies force their employees into high-density trailer parks where social problems abound. Company-controlled taxation systems have left roads in tatters and schools in tears. A public-health official in Raleigh County, W. Va. says the only thing preventing a typhoid epidemic from striking some sewerless hollows is the acid mine drainage that kills the bacteria in the befouled creeks.

Second, as more miners hire on to meet the coal quotas of the industry and the White House, the body count of the killed, injured and diseased will rise. A study by HEW's National Institute for Occupational Safety and Health (NIOSH) projected, at 1975 accident rates, a more than 250 percent increase in annual mining fatalities, to 374, and disabling injuries to a total of 25,800 by the year 2000. Other researchers, using different assumptions, have projected fewer fatalities but more injuries, even with lower accident rates. A HEW advisory committee reported to President Carter in December that the health and safety costs from increased coal production would not be "of sufficient magnitude *by 1985 to require modification*" of the National Energy Plan, as long as federal regulations were enforced. The committee, under the direction of Dr. David P. Rall of the National Institute of Environmental Health Sciences, did not include the NIOSH projections in its report. While HEW may close its eyes to the human costs of coal mining, miners can't.

Third, today's miners—whose average age is under 35—have higher expectations and lower boiling points than did their fathers. When work-place disputes arise, they are willing to strike to effect a quick settlement. Loopholes in the UMWA grievance procedure, which often postponed a final decision for as long as two years, convinced miners that wildcat strikes were their only effective defense against arbitrary supervisors. In 1975-76, coal miners engaged in more than 2,400 wildcat strikes that took up 3.3 million workdays, about 3 percent of the workdays available in the whole industry. In southern West Virginia, where the UMWA prevails and where miners are most willing to fight their employers, the number of local unions restrained by federal court orders jumped from twenty in 1971 to 188 in 1976. In all, fifteen coal companies in southern West Virginia obtained injunctions against UMWA locals 1,229 times from 1971 through September 30, 1977, according to court research done by Barbara Smith, a West Virginia political sociologist. The deepening militancy of the union's rank and file over working conditions created impatience and bitterness against UMWA leaders who shared the operators' dislike of strikes.

The process of reform that Arnold Miller began in 1972 stirred up the hornets that have stung him since. Democratization—rank-and-file ratification of contracts, decentralized self-governance and open conventions—encouraged miners to take control of their affairs, both in their union and in the mines. The first two agreements Miller negotiated this year were rejected—that, clearly, was the kind of democracy the reformers had advocated in 1972. Miller and the operators learned sadly that rising expectations could not be stifled when that suited their purposes. Dissatisfaction with Miller deepened in 1975 and 1976 as the ex-miner seemed to lose his bearings amid internal power struggles, staff resignations and wildcat strikes.

The reform leadership fell apart when it had to go beyond simple principles, such matters as honest elections and open books. None of the three miners on the successful Miners for Democracy (MFD) slate had had any administrative experience. Neither had the young liberals who steered Miller's 1972 campaign. They were good organizers and advocates, but inexperienced policy makers. And the reformers were handicapped because their victory was less than complete. Miller loyalists did not gain control of the union's executive board until mid-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

1977, and until then the Boyle faction repeatedly politicized issues and blocked Miller's initiatives. The spectrum of decisions the UMWA faced—issues ranging from air pollution and strip mining to horizontal divestiture and pension management—taxed the ablest union professionals. Finally, the reformers lacked a coherent program or ideology that might have guided them through the bewildering cross pressures of national politics. Having gained office, they lacked a sense of where to go or how to get there. The MFD had personalized the UMWA's problems by attacking Boyle and his alleged masterminding of the Yablonski family murders in December 1969, which two jury trials confirmed. Thus, Miller and his allies assumed that by getting rid of Boyle they would solve the problems that two decades of alliance with the operators had created.

The reformers were victimized by the rapidity of their own success. They had pulled off a palace coup within three years of Yablonski's public break with Boyle, but they had not beaten Boyle loyalists in a single district election before their success in the 1972 court-ordered election for president. Much of their momentum had been sustained by courtroom victories and masterful press relations. Liberal money and federal grants kept the non-miner, reformist union staff in business in the early 1970s. But the price of engineering a coup through the media and the courts was that the new crowd came to office without a solid organizational base within the union. Moreover, events had happened too quickly to allow young miners to develop political and administrative skills and confidence. Consequently, promising young miners who accepted staff jobs in the Washington headquarters after the MFD took over were drawn into a factionalism that often turned them into opportunists or cynics. When Miller's liberal staffers bailed out after 1975, the props were pulled and the roof fell. A siege mentality developed at the union's headquarters as the staff faded away and as the operators turned the screws on Miller to expel wildcat strikers and Communists from the UMWA. Miller mistakenly defined strikers and militants as "the problem," which increased his isolation. His "them-and-us" attitude reached the point in March where he refused to distribute on a per capita basis the $4.5 million of strike assistance donated by other unions, because if he did so the most militant districts would get the most help. The reformers who had once seemed to be part of the solution became, in time, much of the problem.

The operators soon recognized that internal division and "ineffective leadership" weakened the UMWA's ability to control its members. The companies preferred a tightly run union whose president could bind the men to a negotiated contract. With coal profits swollen by the OPEC oil embargo, the operators were willing in 1974 to swap much-improved wages and benefits for labor stability. BCOA hoped that a generous contract would enable Miller to consolidate his political base and gain power over the rank and file, thus opening the way to renewal of the alliance that Love had fashioned with Lewis in 1950. When the operators realized they had lost that gamble, they resorted to the federal courts to keep their employees on the job. Neither carrot nor stick worked, however, as miners kept striking over work-place grievances.

The operators went into the 1977 negotiations determined to reassert control over their enterprises. Estimates of future coal demand vary, but even the most cautious of them forecasts a 50 percent increase by 1985. Yet that future depends on quelling wildcat strikes and absenteeism. And December 1977 seemed an opportune time to put the coal miners in their place. Mountainous utility stockpiles and slack demand for coking coal gave the operators an economic incentive to wait out a long strike. Jack Kawa of Wheat First Securities noted that coal prices had idled at $20 a ton nationally for two years, as supply exceeded consumption. He reasoned that for the BCOA the best strategy was to "prolong the strike as long as possible . . . before the government intervenes." "Hard-liners in BCOA," Kawa told a group

Oliphant, Washington Star

Presidents

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of security analysts last fall, "probably wouldn't mind a six-month strike, and with some justification." A long, successful strike would weaken UMWA militants and drive up coal prices just in time for the boom of the 1980s.

Thus Americans endured a three-month coal strike because the coal operators figured that their short-term losses would be offset by long-term financial and political gains. The BCOA presented UMWA negotiators with demands for "labor stability" the likes of which had not been seen since the 1920s. Miners were to be docked $20 a day—up to $200 per month—from their paychecks for every day they engaged in an unauthorized work stoppage; other penalties were established for absenteeism. BCOA demanded the right to fire strikers without arbitration. Cash bonus plans to boost production—which miners believe increase the likelihood of accidents—were to be set up at the operator's discretion. The UMWA-related health plan that Lewis had breathed to life in his 1950 bargaining with Love was to be phased out as companies switched miners to private insurance carriers. First-dollar coverage was to be ended and fee-for-service medical care reinstituted. It was two full months into the strike before Miller was persuaded to accept this package. When the terms of this February 6th agreement reached the coal fields, all hell broke loose. The Miller-oriented bargaining council then rejected it overwhelmingly. In early March, a somewhat less regressive contract was submitted to the membership and rejected by a vote of more than 2 to 1.

That left President Carter holding an empty bag. The White House had judged Miller the weaker of the two sides and had urged him, rather than the BCOA, to make the larger concessions. The assumption was that miners would take what they were given after eight or ten weeks of striking. Harry Huge, the former Miller-appointed trustee of the UMWA Funds and key adviser in the negotiations, kept the White House apprised of coal-field sentiment and union positions through an old friend, Landon Butler, deputy to Hamilton Jordan. When Huge's divinations proved wrong twice, Carter obtained a temporary Taft-Hartley injunction against the miners on March 6. By March 16, only some 250 of the UMWA's more than 140,000 miners had returned to work. Parallels between Carter's effectiveness and Miller's were not lost on the miners.

Though Carter had had to chafe in frozen-smiled silence over his inability to bring savvy Washington wheeler-dealers into line for his legislative programs, tobacco-spitting defiance from mule-headed country boys was where he drew the line. He invoked the Taft-Hartley with stiff-backed Wilsonian statements about "respect for the rule of law" and "the law will be enforced." This was followed by statements from Agriculture Secretary, Bob Bergland, that food stamps would be cut off to miners, legal or not. Disobedience by those humble and victimized souls in the coal fields whom Carter had befriended in the 1976 campaign would not be tolerated.

The White House strike strategy under Taft-Hartley was to end coal's national bargaining structure by encouraging companies in Illinois and Indiana to break from the BCOA and sign separate agreements. Taft-Hartley was to be used to get nonunion coal moving as quickly as possible into the areas of most severe shortage. Appalachian coal miners were to be left to starve themselves into submission. The Taft-Hartley injunction and state police patrols kept enough non-UMWA coal moving out of Virginia, Pennsylvania, Ohio and, especially, Kentucky to soften the impact of the union's strike. To that extent, nonunion coal undercut the BCOA's lockout strategy and left UMWA members striking with little effect. However, had the White House succeeded in balkanizing the UMWA and the BCOA, Carter would have faced three years of irremediable coal-field chaos.

The Carter White House handled the coal strike in the same way that the Johnson White House turned the war in Vietnam into a self-administered test of political masculinity. Coal miners became "the enemy" and the issue became the self-images of the crisis managers. Only dumb luck saved Carter from a self-defeating round of escalations that would have entangled him in coal politics for the rest of his first term.

When federal Judge Aubrey E. Robinson Jr. refused to extend the temporary Taft-Hartley injunction in mid-March, BCOA faced two distasteful prospects. On one hand, Carter might succeed in fragmenting national bargaining, which both the operators and the UMWA feared. On the other, the operators looked federal seizure and a pro-miner contract dead in the eye. Despite public disclaimers, the Labor Department had readied seizure legislation and was prepared to offer miners reasonable terms. So the BCOA quickly resumed negotiations with Miller and concluded a third agreement on March 15, which the miners ratified nine days later.

The contract that settled this strike will foment others. Labor stability penalties were removed, but there is a sleeper provision: earlier decisions of the arbitration review board are carried over into the new contract through a memorandum of understanding. Six weeks before the old contract expired, the board had ruled that, subject to arbitration, companies could discharge strike agitators, picketers and miners who pass out "information relating to a dispute even in public places near an affected mine." The implications of the memorandum and the board ruling were not publicized during ratification. Productivity incentive plans can now be instituted by a company with the approval of miners (who cannot vote one out of existence). Cash bonuses, many observers feel, finally explain the MFD's campaign slogan, "Safety—or else." The UMWA health-care plan for working miners will be dismantled as all working miners and current retirees are switched to employer-managed insurance plans. Although benefits are "guaranteed" and presumably not contingent, as before, on production levels, uncertainty exists as to how the operators will interpret the scope of benefits they are guaranteeing. About fifty coal-field clinics must cut services. The Appalachian Regional Commission estimates that fifty-eight coal-field doctors have left since the funds imposed emergency clinic cutbacks last July. The 31 percent wage increase boils down

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

to a 6 to 9 percent increase in real income over three years, depending on the rate of inflation and how much of the taxable $200 medical deductible miners pay each year. Pension increases will be absorbed by inflation. Not one improvement in job or safety rights is included in the new contract.

The work-place conflict this contract is sure to create will force the energy companies to "rationalize" coal. It will also force miners either to return to Lewis's model of centralized control or to take charge of their union by seizing the districts and moving toward the center. Having suffered a stroke following ratification, Miller may step down voluntarily or be recalled. UMWA vice president, Sam Church, was a Boyle supporter and seems to favor separate bargaining and an authoritarian presidency. If the UMWA is allowed to slip back into repressive autocracy, big oil will find it a willing partner in effecting "labor peace" and increased production. If, on the other hand, rank-and-file radicalization of the UMWA succeeds, new battle lines will be drawn. □

BLACKLISTING LIVES ON

THE INTELLIGENCE LAUNDRY

BILL WALLACE

Thirty years ago, Western Research Foundation, a little-known group of California private detectives, made a reputation for itself among the followers of Sen. Joseph McCarthy by digging up dirt on suspected Communists and feeding it to the House Un-American Activities Committee. Some of the alleged subversives fingered by the firm's operatives wound up defying HUAC on the ground that its investigation violated their constitutional guarantee of free speech. For their truculence, some found themselves inside federal penitentiaries for contempt of Congress.

Today, a linear descendant of Red-hunting Western Research finds itself looking at a Congressional contempt citation from the other side of the committee table. Research West, an investigative firm which grew directly out of the dossiers collected by Western Research Foundation, has twice defied subpoenas for its files issued by Rep. John Moss (D., Calif.) and his House Subcommittee on Oversight and Investigations. The company's officials cite the First Amendment freedom of the press as the reason for their refusal to comply with Moss's subpoena and have vowed to go to jail rather than reveal the information contained in their investigative files.

The clash between Research West and Congress stems from Moss's investigation into allegations that some electric power corporations have been buying information on foes of atomic energy. Both Georgia Power and the West Coast Pacific Gas & Electric Company (PG&E) have paid Research West many thousands of dollars over the last five years for services which executives of the firms describe as "security investigations." Nuclear power opponents—including Ralph Nader's Critical Mass project and the Abalone Alliance, a consortium of two dozen West Coast anti-nuclear groups—say those investigations have actually been secret intelligence operations against opponents of nuclear power.

They point to the fact that Georgia Power Company's files—a substantial number of which allegedly originated with information from Research West—contain dossiers on dozens of groups and individuals, including Ralph Nader himself, the Georgia Civil Liberties Union and NBC newsman Jackson Baine. Moreover, they note that the state Public Service Commission which regulates Georgia Power is currently conducting an investigation to see whether illegal surveillance techniques or unlawful harassment were used in the collection of the utility's dossiers.

Utility company officials have derided the anti-nuclear group's concern. PG&E, the power combine which has spent the most for Research West's services and which referred the firm to Georgia Power in the first place, claims that Research West was never asked to provide information on any foes of atomic power.

"What we have used Research West for in the past was to provide background investigations of PG&E employees required as a result of the sensitive positions they work in," says Larry McDonald, PG&E's chief public relations man. "Under federal law, for example, we have to run security checks on personnel who work in our nuclear plants, and it's likely that Research West has done some of those checks for us—using information derived strictly from the public record, of course."

Those on the other side of the dispute have also charged that Research West may have been used covertly to sabotage a 1976 ballot measure aimed at stopping the construction of nuclear power plants in California. PG&E paid Research West nearly $50,000 in 1975 and 1976 alone, during the critical period when California anti-nuclear activists were struggling to put the measure on the state's ballot and to raise enough money to campaign for it effectively against the combined political muscle of the state's multibillion-dollar nuclear power industry. According to Richard Pollock, director of Critical Mass, "We believe this is not a coincidence. It's the logical outcome of PG&E attempting to foil opponents of its existing nuclear power program." PG&E denies the charge.

It isn't immediately clear which—if either—of these

Bill Wallace is a staff writer for The Berkeley Barb *and an associate of the Center for Investigative Reporting in Oakland, Calif.*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

questions is under examination by Moss's subcommittee. Staff investigator Kirk Smith, the attorney handling the subpoena and contempt investigation, will say only that the subcommittee is "empowered to investigate abuses of telephonic communications and the general issue of energy itself. For example, whether ratepayers' dollars are being abused."

But whatever the reason for the subcommittee's interest in Research West's files, the company is dead set against surrendering them. The reason? "We collect, evaluate and disseminate research material to clients who pay us for that service," says Patricia Atthowe, Research West's president. "As a logical outgrowth of our research capability we engage in investigative reporting for newspapers, journals and trade publications." Since Research West considers itself a "newsgathering, analysis and reporting" business, the firm's officials say their files are privileged under the First Amendment freedom of the press.

It's an interesting argument, but one that Research West's critics dismiss as nonsense. "They're just a red-baiting and blacklisting outfit," says Hal Lipset, a San Francisco private investigator with thirty-two years of experience in the field. "That's what they always have been and that's what they are now." Lipset should know. As a political defense specialist, he has had ample opportunity to study the firm and its predecessor, Western Research Foundation. In one of his first defense cases, the trial of West Coast Longshoremen's and Warehousemen's Union leader Harry Bridges, Lipset worked against Western Research's founder, Harper Knowles, a retired Army Intelligence colonel turned free-lance. Knowles not only investigated Bridges for subversive tendencies as a contract detective for the San Francisco Port Authority but also appeared on the stand as a star witness for the prosecution.

Nine years after the Bridges trial, Knowles joined forces with a former FBI agent named Nat Piper, and together they raised enough money from wealthy California agricultural interests to set up Western Research Foundation. At first, the firm engaged primarily in union busting. Most of Western Research's time and energy was spent preventing labor militants from organizing migrant farm workers in California lettuce fields that were under contract to the Associated Farmers of California, a huge and politically strong agribusiness organization. Eventually, however, Knowles and Piper found a new area of specialization: security checks for the rapidly expanding West Coast utility industry, particularly the Pacific Telephone Company and PG&E.

One thing led to another, and by the mid-1960s Western Research had become a major clearinghouse for intelligence on a wide variety of "security" problems, including anti-war organizations, labor unionists, community organizers and even the editors of *Ramparts.* Jerome Ducote, a former Santa Clara County sheriff's deputy who admits to having committed more than seventeen politically motivated burglaries in the mid-1960s, says that some of the information in Western Research's files resulted from "black bag" jobs which he and other burglars committed against Bay Area liberals and radicals. Ducote says that Western Research provided him with targets and details on how to burglarize them, and helped channel the documents he stole to such groups as Associated Farmers, the American Security Council and the Santa Clara County Farm Bureau (Ducote says that when Western Research later became Research West, he performed similar illegal intelligence tasks for the firm's new owners, a claim which they angrily deny).

In 1969, Knowles sold Western Research to Patricia and Harold Atthowe, and they changed its name to Research West. Harold Atthowe, who had been an investigator for the Alameda County sheriff's department, provided the technical know-how for the operation. Patricia Atthowe supplied the firm's political orientation: she had first emerged as a right-wing political activist during Berkeley's Free Speech Movement, suing the University of California for access to lists of student organizations in order to ferret out the subversives behind the surge of militancy on campus. She then ran for the Oakland school board on a conservative platform, and beat the drum for gubernatorial and later Presidential candidate Ronald Reagan.

Although the Atthowes changed Western Research's name, they didn't altogether abolish the earlier firm. They kept the foundation's corporate charter active until 1977, operating it as an entity separate from Research West, and both retained legal status as Western Research Foundation corporate officers. Meanwhile, the old Knowles-Piper files were stripped, updated and merged with Research West's own dossier system, and the Atthowes broadened the company's scope of investigative interest to include almost anyone thought to be part of the "counterculture."

One such target was the Synanon Foundation, California's well-known privately operated rehabilitation program for former drug addicts and alcoholics. Robert Lamborn, a one-time woodworker turned investigator for Research West, helped set up an interview with a disgruntled former Synanon member for the *Examiner,* San Francisco's evening Hearst paper (the Hearst chain had frequently used Western Research Foundation to check out supposed subversives on its corporate payroll). A series of highly inflammatory articles based on the interview issued under the headline "Synanon: Racket of the Century," alleging, among other things, income tax fraud. Synanon promptly filed suit against the *Examiner,* ultimately winning a settlement of $600,000—the largest on record in a libel action.

Although the defamatory misinformation in the Synanon articles leaves the impression that Research West is staffed with incompetents, many civil libertarians who know the firm consider it a real threat to civil rights, as well as a significant example of a much larger problem.

After the Watergate scandal and the House and Senate investigations of the U.S. intelligence community, laws were passed to regulate the collection of

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

domestic intelligence by federal agencies; they had the effect of preventing in future operations like the FBI's Cointelpro and the CIA's Chaos. And in addition to the few actual legal reforms enacted, the public revelations of spying abuses created an atmosphere inimical to civil espionage by any governmental agency, whether local, state or federal. However, although law-enforcement agencies and U.S. espionage services are no longer supposed to engage in indiscriminate counterintelligence operations, it would be unwise to assume that spying has stopped. Many intelligence operatives have resigned their government jobs and set up their own intelligence operations.

As author George O'Toole, himself a former computer expert for the CIA, notes in *The Private Sector* (Norton), a shadowy network of private investigative agencies has sprung up around the country during the last fifteen years, and many of these firms were either started or staffed by former employees of state and federal investigative services. Some examples are International Intelligence, Inc. (Intertel), the firm that unmasked Clifford Irving's fraudulent biography of Howard Hughes; Anacapa Sciences Incorporated, a Southern outfit that has helped police forces all over the country set up "Red squads"; and International Investigators, Inc., an Ohio private detective agency that executed a carefully programmed series of "dirty tricks" against Sen. Vance Hartke in the 1970s.

Some of these outfits are known to have been used by federal intelligence services for works that public agencies are not allowed to do. O'Toole offers as examples Fidelity Reporting Services of New York, a firm which has been used by the CIA for clandestine domestic investigations, and Anderson Security Consultants, Inc., a Virginia group that was set up and staffed by the agency as a CIA "proprietary" in the early 1960s.

The advantage in using such firms for domestic surveillance, shadowing and the compilation of dossiers is obvious: no federal law restricts their operations. All regulation is at the state or local level—and there is precious little of that. As of 1975, a Rand corporation study showed that in nearly a fifth of the United States private investigators came under no regulations, and that most of the remainder did an inadequate job of overseeing contract detectives. No state has passed laws to limit or prohibit the compilation of dossiers on public or private citizens, and not many of them have laws that guarantee citizens any form of access to private filing systems, except those specifically oriented toward credit rating services and financial reports.

Consider the Law Enforcement Intelligence Unit (LEIU), a privately operated "criminal intelligence" dossier system that links more than 200 subscribing police agencies in forty-six states and Canada. LEIU contains files on tens of thousands of alleged "organized crime figures" and their suspected "associates," but it is almost impossible for the law-abiding private citizen to check whether his name might somehow have been inadvertently introduced into the system. Although California—where LEIU has its headquarters—regulates quite strictly the private investigation and credit rating fields, LEIU fits neither and operates completely outside existing law. The California Civil Liberties Union filed two years ago for access to the first 100 LEIU files, just to check allegations that the system contains political information, but state courts have yet to rule on the suit and some sources associated with it are dubious about its chances for success. However, the Moss subcommittee has also subpoenaed materials from LEIU, and is reportedly finding that organization less difficult to deal with than Research West.

Unlike LEIU, which has no compelling reason to make its files public, Research West could conceivably lose it's state investigator's license if it fails to turn its files over to the subcommittee. But even that would not necessarily prevent the company from continuing to collect and collate intelligence for corporate clients. Since none of Research West's principal operatives come from law-enforcement or intelligence backgrounds, there is no reason to believe that any of the materials in its dossiers were gathered originally by the company's own private investigations. On the surface, anyway, it appears that Research West gets its information from some source other than the traditional gumshoes' digging in public records and ringing doorbells.

Because of this, the company is an enigma to those who have studied it. "They are definitely different from anything we've run across before," says Bill Shook, an investigator for the Moss subcommittee. "I'll tell you frankly: I don't know exactly what to make of them." One of the best theories making the rounds is that Research West is simply an intelligence library or "laundry": a place where agencies such as the FBI, military intelligence and various California police forces can dump information collected by clandestine or unlawful means, or intelligence which is otherwise too hot for them to handle. It's no secret that for years Research West's files have been open to federal, state and local agencies without charge; information obtained through the firm has even been discovered in FBI documents surrendered during the course of criminal and civil actions. It is reasonable to assume that the arrangement is reciprocal, and that much—if not all—of the material Research West has collected came originally from police forces and investigative agencies.

Margaret Van Houten, a former writer for *Counterspy* magazine who now investigates firms like Research West for the American Friends Service Committee, is a tentative subscriber to this hypothesis. "It makes perfect sense from the agencies' point of view," she says. "The agencies get the benefit of access to the information without the onus of having gathered it themselves, while Research West gets to use the information to service its corporate clients."

Of course, there is only one way to prove or disprove this theory and the Moss subcommittee took the first step when it subpoenaed Research West's files under the threat of a contempt citation. Whether the company's officers will ultimately turn the data over or continue to refuse and perhaps go to prison as a result remains to be seen, but one thing is sure: for Research West, a firm with a thirty-year-long history of blackballing, McCarthyite redbaiting and administrative smears, to have fought back by wrapping itself in the Bill of Rights and citing journalistic privilege is *chutzpah* on a grand scale. □

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BOOKS & THE ARTS

Russian Women: A Tradition of Dissent

A CAPTIVE OF TIME. *By Olga Ivinskaya. Translated by Max Hayward. Doubleday & Co. 462 pp. $12.50.*

ERNST PAWEL

Olga Ivinskaya's modestly confessional book, though scarcely enlightening about Pasternak, is fascinating in many respects. Its disarming candor and often venomous prose cut close to a theme largely ignored by Kremlinologists of every persuasion—the dissent of women in the Soviet Union. The fact that Ivinskaya herself does not raise the subject only makes the indictment all the more persuasive.

Be it said, in defense of Stalin, that he redeemed one promise of the October Revolution, after his fashion—he equalized the rights of men and women by reducing both to insignificance. But if sexual equality did not live up to expectations, the situation of women in the Soviet Union defies simplistic platitudes, and bleak visions of mass slavery are as remote from the average, everyday reality as the buxom models of Soviet poster art striding musclebound into the sunrise. Women now account for more than half the labor force, and Soviet accomplishments in areas such as child care and access to health services are substantial in absolute terms, stunning by comparison to what we offer all but a privileged minority of our women and children.

And yet, the fact remains that today, half a century after what is still being billed as the world's first socialist revolution, no woman holds a position of genuine power or importance within the top levels of the interlocking bureaucracies that govern the Soviet Union.

This obviously tells something about the nature of the revolution, quite possibly about the nature of revolutions generally. But the solid impregnability of exclusively male power in a society which, perhaps more than any other, relies on its women for essential labor and services—and, up to a point, rewards their contributions—reflects, I believe, more than just the lingering aftereffects of prerevolutionary attitudes.

The men who run the Soviet Union don't trust women. And much encouraging evidence suggests that their suspicions might be justified. Russian women as a class—and there are cogent reasons for regarding them as such, in the Marxist sense—do in fact seem politically untrustworthy.

Individual examples abound, from Lenin's widow to Stalin's daughter. This sex-linked dissent is no hormonal response but merely an understandable reaction to the dual burden that history, politics, and the structure of Soviet society have imposed upon women *as women*. Through wars, purges and famine, women were both victims as well as the mothers, wives and widows of victims. They became workers, yet never ceased to be housewives, so that routine privations that marked the first half century of socialism—lack of housing and of privacy, shortages of every conceivable and inconceivable kind—turned their lives into endless rounds of drudgery.

Throughout history, Russian women have suffered and have always known how to suffer—there is some truth to almost every stereotype—yet seldom suffered in silence. Their consciousness was raised to fever-pitch at least 100 years before Betty Friedan first came to a boil. In 1875, at a Moscow mass trial of underground propagandists for the People's Will, 158 of the 770 defendants were women. Catherine Breshkovsky, Sofiya Perovskaya, Vera Figner rank among the 19th century's leading revolutionaries, and long before World War I a Russian-Jewish immigrant named Emma Goldman spread their subversive ideas in this country. Though she conceived of feminism as part of a broader struggle, there are few contemporary feminist issues she failed to touch upon in her lectures and writings.

Emma Goldman, deported back to Russia after World War I, was also among the first to realize that the October Revolution not only devoured its children but also crushed its women. Moreover, she dared say so, as early as 1921. Promptly disinvited by Lenin, she settled in France and spent the rest of her life in relative obscurity writing her memoirs, while disillusionment gradually caught up with her less perceptive comrades. To the broad masses of ordinary Russian women, on the other hand, politics always was—and still is—merely the continuation of war by other means. They had no illusions to begin with, but if this unobstructed vision saved them from the agonizing loss of faith, it did little else for their body or soul.

Perhaps no one was more profoundly able—and more profoundly entitled—to speak for these women than Anna Akhmatova, one of the few great poets of this century. Her 1957 introduction to *Requiem*, a song cycle still unpublished in the Soviet Union, captures in little more than a paragraph both the despair and the defiant endurance of an entire generation:

> In the terrible years of the Yezhov terror I spent seventeen months waiting in line outside the prison in Leningrad. One day somebody in the crowd identified me. Standing behind me was a woman, with lips blue from the cold, who had, of course, never heard me called by name before. Now she started out of the torpor common to us all and asked me in a whisper (everyone whispered there):
>
> "Can you describe this?"
>
> And I said, "I can."
>
> Then something like a smile passed fleetingly over what had once been her face.*

Anna Akhmatova never received the Nobel Prize, and much of her best work remains unavailable in the country she stubbornly refused to leave. Yet she at least gained a measure of peace and recognition toward the end of a very long, turbulent and productive life. Not so her fellow poet Marina Tsvetayeva, the brilliant prodigy who published her first volume of verse at 18 and killed herself at 49, after returning from exile. It is only now, almost forty years after a death that went all but unnoticed among so many others, that the full scope of her gifts is beginning to emerge.

But perhaps the most unlikely, paradoxical and controversial woman's voice

Ernst Pawel is a novelist—From the Dark Tower, In the Absence of Magic (*both Macmillan*)—*who frequently reports on literary and political developments abroad.*

* Translation by Stanley Kunitz and Max Hayward. *Poems of Akhmatova.* Collins and Harvill Press, London 1974.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

is that of Nadezhda Mandelstam, the arch individualist speaking, rather in spite of herself, for a generation. Her husband Osip, a poet equal in stature to Akhmatova and Pasternak, lived for poetry and died for a limerick—a rhymed sneer ridiculing Stalin that he was foolish or fearless enough to declaim in public. In her luminous and devastating memoirs (*Hope Against Hope* and *Hope Abandoned*), Nadezhda Mandelstam stakes out her own place in Russian literature, at the busy crossroads of defiance and despair. That a woman of her exquisite sensitivity could spend some thirty-odd years in hell and yet remain not only unbroken but untouched in spirit represents more than the triumph of just one unique individual. It detracts nothing from her uniqueness to believe that such strength is rooted in a culture, class and country. And in many ways, Olga Ivinskaya's *A Captive of Time* bears out this point.

It is not a book to be read for its prose, insights or ideas. Mme. Ivinskaya, an editorial assistant on the *Novy Mir* when first she met Pasternak in 1946 and, in later years, an apparently competent "translator" from various exotic languages (versifying rough literal translations of foreign-language poetry is an important cottage industry and source of income for Soviet poets and writers), is no major literary figure in her own right, nor does she have any such pretentions. Her claim to fame and misfortune resides strictly in reflected glory: she was Pasternak's companion during the final fourteen years of his life, a privilege she paid for with a total of eight years in prison for herself, a three-year sentence for her daughter from a previous marriage, and misery beyond all measure.

Her memoirs therefore quite understandably center on the great poet; the author's own inner life and outward circumstances figure in it only to the extent to which they relate to this climactic passion. In fact, it is only from Max Hayward's expert introduction that we learn some of the relevant data about Mme. Ivinskaya—that she was born in 1912, graduated from Moscow University's Faculty of Literature, that her first husband killed himself, her second died of an illness, and that she had two children.

Self-effacement or self-dramatization, the paradoxical effect of this single-minded focus on Pasternak in his most conspicuous roles—poet, hero, lover and martyr—is to shift emphasis and interest away from the subject and toward the narrator. The private lives of public persons are often messier than most, and poetic license traditionally extends also to the poet's prosaic activities, from politics to sex. Pasternak, however, was born under a lucky star, long since extinguished; the Muses vied to provide him with genius, good looks, a sweet disposition and a family background rich in every sense of the word. And though supremely conscious of his genius, he remained throughout his life an enormously attractive human being whose frailties lack the spice and glamour of perversity.

Pasternak has been acused of political naiveté, often bordering on obtuseness, and it seems fairly clear that, unlike Akhmatova or Tsvetayeva, he was often slow to make himself face up to the full enormity of what was happening all about him. Unlike Mayakovski, his great rival, Pasternak had always been highly ambivalent about the revolution. so that its catastrophic degeneration did not mean the end of his world. On the other hand, while many of his fellow poets started by betraying their poetic gifts and ended up betraying their friends and neighbors, Pasternak never compromised his standards or his honor. He tried to help, often at considerable risk to himself, and the fact that he seemed immune to arrest during the terror cannot be held against him.

There is no longer much doubt that he owed his survival to one of Stalin's whims. The dictator of the proletariat is supposed to have instructed his goon squads "not to touch this cloud dweller," and the personal phone call Pasternak received from him after Mandelstam's arrest in 1934 lends credence to the rumor. Asked if he considered Mandelstam a great poet, Pasternak launched into one of his characteristic disquisitions on the nature of poetry, only to be finally interrupted by Stalin hanging up on him with a curt "I see, you just aren't able to stick up for a comrade." Stalin's interest in poetry seems scarcely more endearing than Hitler's love of Wagner, even if it probably saved Pasternak as well as Akhmatova from sharing the fate of the irrepressible Mandelstam.

Sparing lives is, of course, just another way of asserting absolute power over life and death. Stalin's clemency, moreover, was always tempered by cruelty; even the indomitable Akhmatova was coerced into writing a hymn *to* Stalin in an effort to save the life of her only son. And there is good reason to suspect, even from the internal evidence of this book, that Pasternak's late-blooming attachment to Ivinskaya was shrewdly and brutally exploited by the GPU on several occasions.

This does not basically contradict her

ON BLUE MOUNTAIN TOWER

Distance is blue, always; the hue
of smoke is a ghost of centuries
no lookout can ever know past fear.
You count this spot the loneliest
on earth and the best: not one sound,
save trees tell you you are someone
you have to be.

The tower's derelict,
but legged enough to lift you over
pines into a wind you haven't felt
for years. The trail you see through haze
hasn't heard hoofbeats since your forbears
fought against the road the trail was then.
The river's dry, its blue a shadow
too thin to trace.

You look at hands,
the only map you've ever known
you need. If you could read palms,
these hands would be this blue mountain,
that blue trail, that dry blue river.
But to count spent lead and broken flint
you know you need less blue and more
than valleyed flesh and warring bones.

Jim Barnes

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

own version of the intense twilight affair between the vivacious young widow and the aging immortal, unhappily married but priggishly unwilling to divorce his wife because he disliked hurting people—and invariably, of course, wound up lacerating everybody, including himself. Even Ivinskaya seems to have caught on to the ambiguous nature of this much-vaunted kindness, though she does no more than quote Tsvetayeva's daughter Ariadna on the subject: "Pasternak was unusually kind and quick to help—but his kindness was simply a supreme form of egocentricity: as a kind person he found it easier to live and to work, and he slept the sounder for it; by being so responsive to the misfortunes of others, he alleviated his own, both past and future; he washed away his sins, both real and imagined."

Astute, perhaps; but if kindness was his greatest failing, in this our time, he qualifies for sainthood.

Not so Ivinskaya, which makes her quiet triumph all the more remarkable. She is, by the contemporary standards of Western exhibitionism, discreet about the romance that in time matured into a deep and quasi-marital attachment. His self-protective kindness made Pasternak attempt to break off the affair on several occasions, but he always came back to her—for reasons that will be obvious to any reader of her book. He lacked her kind of strength. And he needed it.

What she recounts here without a shred of self-pity—the years in prison, the constant threats and persecution suffered for his sake, not to mention the humiliations to which he subjected her out of the goodness of his heart—boggle the mind. She candidly owns up to her mistakes, proves herself merely human in some of the most inhuman situations imaginable, but never for one moment lets her judgment or emotions be muddled by ideological claptrap.

In the end, *A Captive of Time* offers few new insights into the poetic genius of Boris Pasternak. But in its own way, it pays tribute to a different sort of genius—the genius of Russian women for sustaining not only their own integrity but also the men they chose to love. □

Literary Cloning Scandal

RICHARD R. LINGEMAN

The literary world is agog over a recently published book entitled *In His Imagery: The Cloning of a Book*, which purports to describe successful experiments in literary cloning. Put simply, literary cloning is the technique of reproducing a credible likeness of a successful book. The literary clone, unlike the biological clone, is not a precise copy, of course—it differs superficially in title, author, price, jacket copy; yet its subliminal kinship with the original is so compelling the book-buying public cannot tell the difference.

In His Imagery is already being attacked as a hoax, mainly because the author, David Roquefort, has refused to reveal the true identity of the inventor of literary cloning, an editor he calls "Bennett Perkins" in the book. Roquefort recently completed a twenty-five-city publicity tour during which intense grilling by 378 talk-show hosts failed to elicit "Perkins's" real name. In the coming weeks he is scheduled to refuse to answer questions on *Today*, *60 Minutes*, the *Phil Donohue Show* and Johnny Carson's *Tonight* show. Roquefort's appearances, in the course of which he holds his hand over a burning candle for sixty seconds and glares balefully at the camera, have already been witnessed by millions of Americans, many of whom are rushing out to buy the book, which is now Number One on both the fiction and nonfiction best-seller lists.

The publisher, the old, respected firm of Macawber & Rudge (which was recently bought out by Doubleday, Dell, Dial and Onassis, a large publishing conglomerate known as DDD&O in the trade), says it cannot confirm the book's authenticity. A firm spokesman said the book was accepted "on the basis of the author's reputation and a four-hour lunch at the Four Seasons." Mr. Roquefort's previous books include *The Myth of Originality* and *Clifford Irving: A Biography*.

In His Imagery describes how the pseudonymous Bennett Perkins received his first inspiration for literary cloning. While looking through his firm's files in search of book ideas he came across the editorial correspondence relating to a successful children's book series called *Raggedy Amos and Andy*, the adventures of two pickaninny dolls popular in the South between the wars. After the original author died, the series was carried on by several other writers, reminding Perkins of other series that had been continued posthumously—the *Hardy Boys*, the *Oz* books, *Nancy Drew* and, in the adult area, the *Ellery Queen* mysteries. If this could be done with dead authors, Perkins reasoned, why couldn't it be done while the author was still alive? Why, in other words, couldn't books with the same ingredients of success, suitably disguised, be turned out in time to catch the market for the original?

Using money inherited from a wealthy grandmother, Perkins set up a lab on a secluded estate in upstate New York. His first efforts involved brain transplants. One experiment consisted of transplanting the brain of a writer whose last six books had been called "derivative" by the critics into the body of a speed typist. The object of this crude, Frankensteinian procedure was to create a prolific plagiarizer who would work for typist's wages. The "creature," however, began developing human problems, centering around a profound mind-body disorder. The transplanted brain took to accusing itself of being not a writer but a typist and developed a severe depression with a crippling writer's block, which psychoanalysis was unable to crack. Eventually Perkins was forced to free it. (It has since parlayed its typing skills into an entree in publishing and is now a top paperback editor.)

Then Perkins edited a book on genetic engineering and was inspired to attempt literary cloning. After many experiments, he perfected a technique that involved pulping a remainder copy of a best seller, steeping it in a solution and injecting the mixture into the brain of a talented, ambitious unknown, who would then, by automatic writing, produce a salable epigone of the original.

Thus far literary cloning is most successful with lower literary forms, such as self-help books, mysteries, historical romances, Gothics and cookbooks. Attempts to clone Saul Bellow, Norman Mailer and John Updike, among others, have had idiosyncratic results. The Bellow clone was injected with 300 cc. of *The Dangling Man* and promptly wrote a genre Western set on Manhattan's Upper West Side featuring a literary lynching. The Mailer clone (produced with the blessing of Mr. Mailer, who was anxious for help in finishing the long, ambitious novel upon which he is embarked) stopped writing altogether and

Richard Lingeman is an editor of The New York Times Book Review.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

went into politics. The Updike clone, injected with *Rabbit Run*, went berserk and produced a book called *Watergap Down*, a novel set in Western Pennsylvania in which the hero, Peter Rabbit, suffers from angst after stealing Mr. MacGregor's lettuce and having an adulterous affair with Mrs. MacGregor. Obviously, the technique has its drawbacks, and Mr. Roquefort's revelations have already prompted calls by a number of English scholars for Guggenheim grants, preferably for study in Europe.

How many books on the market today are clones the author of *In His Imagery* does not say. Contrary to rumor, *How to Save Your Own Life*, Erica Jong's sequel to *Fear of Flying*, was not written by a clone. It is, rather, a unique case of literary parthenogenesis, the result of an erotic affair between the author and herself. On the other hand, Harold Robbins's books are now produced by cloning after Robbins—whose latest book, *Dreams Die First*, is based on the career of Larry Flynt—became a born-again Christian. A growing field for cloning is the "multimedia" or "tie-in" book, and involves a process by which both movie script and book are cloned from a 2-page treatment written by a producer.

Whether Roquefort's description of literary cloning is true or a hoax cannot be ascertained at this time, but one thing is certain: if literary cloning did not exist it would be necessary to invent it. □

'I Want to Be as Much of Me as I Can Be'

THE SEASONS OF A MAN'S LIFE. *By Daniel J. Levinson with Charlotte N. Darrow, Edward B. Klein, Maria H. Levinson, Braxton McKee. Alfred A. Knopf. 363 pp. $10.95.*

JAMES SLOAN ALLEN

The most remarkable thing about this book is its subject posed as a question in the opening line: "What does it mean to be an adult?" That the question should engender a major research study implies trouble in adult life, just as childhood and adolescence came under psychological scrutiny earlier when they, or memories of them, betrayed symptoms of distress. The old wisdom about adulthood as the age succeeding adolescence, marked by settledness in life, responsibility in action, self-denial in spirit, and the like, seems no longer to hold; the turmoil of adolescence has now engulfed the later years. Gail Sheehy's best-seller, *Passages*—based largely on the findings of the study under review—illustrated this condition with flashy portraits of the "predictable crises of adult life"—portraits in which countless readers seem to have identified themselves.

It is the more odd then that the Yale psychologist, Daniel Levinson, who shares the "growing desire in our society to see adulthood as something more than a long, featureless stretch of years," should believe that the troubled adulthood he has found is not only *our* adulthood but that of the species although, until now, it has been "one of the best kept secrets . . . in human history." Adulthood, it can now be revealed, is an often stormy drama of continuous and inexorable change.

Levinson grounded his study in interviews with forty men (women were excluded in a necessary sacrifice to economy and specificity), divided among members of four occupations (industrial laborers, biology professors, business executives, novelists), ranging in age from 35 to 45. First intending to study only this mid-life decade, Levinson and his staff soon discovered that "a developmental approach" was necessary, which meant extending the time in both directions through the culling of memories and the recording of follow-up interviews. The primary interviews took place over about eighteen months, from late 1968 to early 1970, and were supplemented by a few later ones with the four subjects whose detailed biographies run throughout the book. If the empirical base was slender (embellished by some simplistic sketches of historical figures), the conclusions are confident, if admittedly provisional. (Although Sheehy interviewed more people, including women, she showed scant intellectual modesty and, when deviating from Levinson's generously offered ideas, little subtlety or coherence.)

The pattern of life extracted from the interviews—presented in relatively plain prose but muddled organization—is a pretty dense web. It consists most generally of a Life Cycle made up of "eras," roughly twenty years in duration, reaching from Pre-adulthood through Early, Middle, Late, and Late Late Adulthood. Although the transitions between eras are the most dramatic chapters in life, the actual "work of development" occurs during "periods" both within and between eras when the "life structure" (social relations, jobs, ideals, etc.) either stabilize temporarily or change. Each of these periods (some eight in all during Early and Middle Adulthood, with which the book is almost exclusively concerned) gains its character from distinctive "developmental tasks." Other categories rattle around in the theory, but these tasks are its heart. They consist of such labors as: learning psychic mobility and economic responsibility; forming a Dream and mentor relationships; reconciling the Dream to life; finding a niche in society; resolving conflicts between opposing attributes of the self, e.g., masculine and feminine, creative and destructive. When a man completes the tasks of a period, whether successfully or not, he moves on.

One cannot fail to be impressed by the ingeniousness of this intricate scheme. Yet whatever universality may hold for the broadly drawn eras, most of the "tasks" seem relevant only to the social psychology of modern life. Psychic mobility, detachment, private aspiration, uncertain social relations, the variability of circumstances and moods, and so on, are among the definitive traits of modernity. Can we imagine, for example, a village chieftain agonizing over the choice of a career or reconciling his private Dream to reality? Would people in a tightly knit traditional community have to struggle, like Levinson's men, to unravel their own interests from those of others? Would the structure of life change so much in a tribal setting? In sum, Levinson's

James Sloan Allen teaches European intellectual history at the Manhattan School of Music and the New School for Social Research.

POETRY READING

The winners of DISCOVERY—THE NATION, '78 will read their poems in an event sponsored by The Poetry Center, of the 92nd Street YM-YWHA. The competition, a fusion of The Poetry Center's "Discovery" and *The Nation*'s poetry contest, was open to poets who have not been published in book form.

The reading will be held at 8 P.M. on Monday, May 8, in The Poetry Center, YM-YWHA, 92nd St. and Lexington Ave. The winning poems will appear in next week's issue.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tasks have more the look of social history than theory. If he is right, our entire understanding of modernization must be revised; if he is wrong, and his "tasks" are primarily modern tasks, his theory at best describes only us, not human nature.

That said, some of Levinson's ideas and their implications compel further attention. For one thing, Levinson shifts the age at which one passes from identification to identity, that is, from a derivative to an autonomous self. He sees it occurring near the age of 40, instead of in late adolescence, where Erik Erikson located it. Only at this time, Levinson says, does one dispense with the guiding mentor, "move toward becoming a senior adult," and "Become One's Own Man."

With this idea, which extends dependency into middle life, thereby either prolonging pre-adulthood or readjusting the relationship between adulthood and dependency, Levinson begins to answer his opening question. As formed around the age of 40, adulthood means not only the end of pre-adult dependency but the dawning of true "individuation," a high form of self-realization (an idea taken, like numerous others here, from Jung). Achieved by integrating previously conflicting parts of a man's nature, this mature individuation implies intimacy with and responsibility for others, inward rather than public satisfactions, and a calm understanding and willing acceptance of actuality. Now, Levinson says, a man can "develop a stronger sense of self and a centering in the self, while maintaining his ties and responsibilities in the world."

Although Levinson's study ends with his oldest subjects around the age of 50, his theory identifies several more periods within Middle Adulthood and hints at more to come in Late and even Late Late Adulthood. Development has become life's ruling principle, the standard by which appropriate, normal, healthy, and good actions and ideas must be defined. The implications of such a view are profound. For one, the question, "What does it mean *to be* an adult?" loses meaning, since adulthood is not a state of being at all but, like the rest of life, a journey through discrete, transitory stages. In fact, so Levinson says with emphasis, having little need of stability, "modern society *requires* a vital, developing . . . middle age."

Levinson intends this version of adulthood to bring courage and confidence to those passing through life's seasons. It will not do that, although it brings something masked as courage and confidence. For in canonizing "personal development," this theory constitutes not just a psychology but a morality. This morality instructs us to change our "life structure" whenever we feel the need. "The developing individual," Levinson says, "is like a long-distance traveler: from time to time he changes vehicles, fellow passengers and baggage of all kinds." This traveler's moral code must reside in what the authors of *Open Marriage* (one of the many books in popular psychology sharing Levinson's assumptions) call "Nonbinding Commitments," those loose moral threads well suited to a society in which "change is so rapid and constant" that "flexibility is an absolute necessity."

The seeming courage and confidence such a moral psychology brings is actually the narcissism characteristic of late 20th-century culture, a self-absorption condemned by critics such as Philip Rieff, Daniel Bell, Richard Sennett and Christopher Lasch. Who is the "developing individual" after all but one whose "Personal Growth" is his law—like the young man explaining recently his varied sexual tastes on New York television: "I want to be as much of me as I can be."

But this Cult of Development contributes more than narcissism to the modern self; it also adds a touch of the fatalism that nourishes narcissism. When development is viewed as the prevailing fact and principle of life ("grounded," as Levinson says, "in the nature of man as a biological, psychological and social organism"), human beings cease believing they are the masters of their development and become its creatures. They then shrink from lasting obligations and difficult sacrifices, turning instead toward their private needs, whose demands, however ephemeral, are sovereign.

How telling is the verb in Levinson's boldest concluding statement: "These eras and periods *have governed* human development for the past five or ten thousand years." The claim of universality aside, this is exactly the impression given by Levinson's subjects and his theory: men do not govern the course of their lives, they are governed by it (even the prosperous ones, who suffer so much less from life's seasons than do the laborers). The cause of this submissiveness is easy enough to see. It arises from a terrible void in these lives, a void which reappears in Levinson's theory: the absence of a belief in the efficacy of intellect, imagination and will to direct one's life. Intellect, imagination, and especially will lead only a shadow's existence here: they serve development, even in the Dream; they do not truly guide it; with the result that the modern self appears capricious and subjective, achieving shallow wisdom and transitory contentment at the cost of that strength and discipline which can with some sacrifice of easy "adjustment" impose lasting order upon life and wrest proud satisfactions from it. □

Do You Remember Vienna?

THE LITTLE COMEDY AND OTHER STORIES. *By Arthur Schnitzler. Translated by George Edward Reynolds, Helene Scher, Peggy Stamon, Peter Bauland and Harry Zohn. Frederick Ungar Publishing Co. 234 pp. $10. Paper $3.95.*

GERALD WEALES

Arthur Schnitzler is not exactly a household name these days. It is true that a few years ago his work gave birth to *Vienna 1900*, a BBC television series which, in turn, spawned a Penguin paperback. Early Schnitzler translations remain available through scholarly reprint houses, and the most famous of his plays—particularly *Reigen*, as *La Ronde* —do occasionally find their way onto American stages. Even so, Schnitzler has become one of those writers, like Andreyev or Anatole France, who seem to be fixed in time, whose names call up vanished eras, ancient enthusiasms. For that reason, it is at first glance surprising to find a publisher issuing a new Schnitzler volume, attractively designed for the general reader, one containing not the best-known Schnitzler prose but five stories—two of them novellas—translated into English for the first time.

Insofar as the Schnitzler name evokes anything today, it is likely to conjure one of several authorial images, all of which have some truth in them, none of which quite catches what seems to me the essential Schnitzler. First of all, there is the chronicler of turn-of-the-century Vienna who, whatever his in-

Gerald Weales reviews plays for Commonweal *and teaches drama at the University of Pennsylvania.*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tentions, has become a vehicle for nostalgia, for all that a title like *Vienna 1900* implies. His stories and plays, particularly those of the 1890s, are full of rich young men and their complaisant ladies, of fine wine, good food and elegant surroundings, of references to the Prater, the Ringstrasse, the Opera House, but for all the care Schnitzler takes to create this milieu, even at his lightest ("The Little Comedy"), his works cannot be hummed to the tunes of Strauss and Lehár.

No celebrant, then, neither is he the other side of the *haut monde* coin, the corrosive social satirist he is sometimes taken to be. He has wit and the verbal clarity to set it off—as when the letter-writing couple in "The Little Comedy" let an apparently accidental turn of phrase expose the incipient boredom in their idyll—and he is capable of comic maliciousness, as the poet and the actress in *Reigen* can testify. It is possible, standing outside of a Schnitzler play or novel, to see the characters and the plot as depicting frivolous people self-indulgently preoccupied with empty activities and to take the work as a condemnation of the society in which such behavior is not only tolerated but expected. Since usually those preoccupations are with love and sex, with the attractions and antagonisms between men and women, and since death in some form has a way of elbowing its way on stage, whether it be the "Dying Pangs" of *Anatol* or the physical "Dying" of the longest story in the new volume, it is difficult to find a comfortable position from which to hand down the dismissive judgment.

Still another possible evocation is Schnitzler as Jew. Although he could deal with anti-Semitism directly, as he did in *Professor Bernhardi*, and although he had cause to, since the attacks on him as a decadent writer were inextricably mixed with the fact of his Jewishness, there is very little explicitly Jewish content, even by indirection, in his work. One might explain Schnitzler's artistic approach to his material by assuming that an author who was a combination of Viennese insider and Jewish outsider could have an intimate knowledge of his setting and a distancing mechanism that would let him free himself from his characters. I am a little suspicious of that reading. After all, the plays and novels are only incidentally set in fashionable Vienna; they really take place on that uncertain ground where human motivation meets societal expectation. It is more likely that his artistic perspective reflects a habit of mind implicit in his being a scientist, a psychologist—"my double," as Freud called him in a letter quoted in Frederick Ungar's Foreword: "So I have formed the impression that you know through intuition—or rather from detailed self-observation—everything that I have discovered by laborious work on other people."

Emphasis on the *doctor* in Dr. Schnitzler can lead the critic into figurative thickets. In *The Reader's Encyclopedia of World Drama*, Carl Richard Mueller, one of Schnitzler's translators, says the playwright's "dissection of characters is as incisive and scientifically lucid as if he were conducting a delicate surgical operation." Grand metaphor aside, Schnitzler, at his best, does escape the expectations of whatever genre he is writing. He provides a space between audience and characters which allows the reader or the playgoer to perceive as well as feel, to have an experience as much intellectual as emotional. *Reigen*, a sex comedy set up like a laboratory experiment, is the clearest example of this element in Schnitzler's work, but it can be seen even when he is using the material of melodrama and sentimental comedy, falling back on obvious devices and the most unlikely accidents (see "Riches" in this collection). "The Little Comedy" is just what its title says, a funny anecdote about two would-be romantics, and "Dying" is the painful account of what a lingering death does both to the dying man and the woman who loves him. My response, which I naturally assume is the correct one, was to escape the superior smile in the first story, the tearful identification in the second, and to watch in admiration as Schnitzler took his characters, obscured by neither condemnation nor sympathy, through a course of events that let us watch the psychological nuances of counterfeit love, on one hand, and, on the other, the complex pattern of reaching out and withdrawal that the fact of dying imposed on both characters. At a time when so much writing about behavior is soupily confessional or defensively slapstick, a cool, clear taste of Schnitzler may be just what the literary palate needs. □

VIETNAM & CAMBODIA

Between the two a common border is disputed. The method of the dispute is War. War that sheds the blood of many young men. War that sheds the blood of many women, men, and children of both sides caught in its crossfire. War that continues unless the Governments of Cambodia & Vietnam arbitrate the dispute at a neutral site through negotiated efforts. What is to be done is to Begin.—William Flaherty, 40 Gold Star, Cambridge, Mass.

The Twilight Zone

JANUS: A Summing Up. *By Arthur Koestler. Random House. 368 pp. $10.*

DAVID CORT

Most aging humans have concluded that their species is a fairly ignominious animal. Arthur Koestler, aged 73, proposes that this species, now equipped with nuclear fission, will probably exterminate itself very soon, as other similar species throughout the universe have presumably done. The problem arises because in a half million years man developed a much better brain ("neo-cortex") than he needed, a brain he did not know how to use. This then is the operative point of *Janus*.

Koestler has always navigated an apocalyptic twilight zone, as evidenced by the recurrence in his titles of such words as darkness, night, death, invisible, sleepwalkers, ghost, infinity, suicide, etc. This time, however, he has assumed a scientific stance, with a bibliography of over 200 sources. He theorizes fascinatingly about the organization of all life, emphatically including man, in "holons"—autonomous unities—that are both "self-assertive" and "integrative." He calls the organization the Self-regulatory Open Hierarchic Order, or SOHO.

The layman will find much of this free-wheeling through the universe engaging if he can hold on to his sanity. The present writer is not qualified to judge Koestler's scientific credentials, although others have pilloried his misinterpretation of Darwinism and Lamarckism, albeit respectfully. It would seem that Darwin and Koestler are in agreement that all animal life is "purposive"—that it not merely adapts to the environment but acts upon it in order to survive.

Chaos is prevented, however, by the balancing or "integrative" instinct. In mankind this instinct, in fact, gives the signal for most of the killing under the flags of nation, religion, ideology, etc.

David Cort has been a frequent contributor to The Nation. *His last book was* The Sin of Henry R. Luce (*Lyle Stuart*).

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Experiments have shown that anyone can be induced to inflict pain if the act is made to seem part of an accepted social routine. The atrocities of history are, according to Koestler, inherent potentialities of man. With his present power to destroy all life on earth, Koestler submits, such a creature must inevitably use that power—routinely, within the SOHO.

He goes on to make the paradoxical point that our recent acquisition of knowledge has been astonishingly rapid, and that the universe is still mysterious enough to make such things as ESP and UFOs—both interestingly demoted to acronyms—respectable possibilities. When he goes on to suggest that the progress of time may be an illusion, this reader takes to the parachute. Yet his general theme of man's relative ignorance of his world is unarguable.

A preliminary to a new discovery or insight is always the destruction of a traditional assumption, and the evidence usually given is that the revelation does not come by any rational or verbal process but in a dreamy evocation from the senses. Koestler's revelations, however, seem to come in both the rational and the dreamy state.

His central theory of holons in hierarchies hardly merits the pride he derives from it. The fun comes in his application of it to all sorts of phenomena, as for example humor. Thus, a joke is a collision of two frames of reference. The shock creates a tension which must be released in laughter. SOHO.

But perhaps the flavor of the book can best be given by this reminiscence of the Spanish Civil War, when Koestler was in a Nationalist prison: "The 'hours by the window' had filled me with a direct certainty that a higher order of reality existed, and that it alone invested existence with meaning. I came to call it later on 'the reality of the third order' (which) . . . contained 'occult' phenomena which could not be apprehended or explained either on the sensory or on the conceptual level, and yet occasionally invaded them like spiritual meteors piercing the primitive's vaulted sky." □

INDIGENOUS MUSIC/ Nat Hentoff

In 1925, a group of Pittsburgh schoolkids formed a band and talked themselves into a gig in a steel town near the city. When they got there, the youngsters saw a set of arrangements on their stands. It had not been made clear to them that they'd have to play a show before improvising for dancing. Dutifully, the boys sat down. As the lights dimmed, the notes blurred before their eyes because they were crying.

"Hell," recalls Roy Eldridge, the 14-year-old trumpet player with the combo at the time, "we couldn't read anything, but we weren't telling anybody that. However," Roy grinned, "we played out the gig. We just blew." And it is likely that Roy blew harder, faster, and with more fire than anyone else on the stand.

Jazz is a land of incessant competitiveness, but no resident there is as pridefully combative as Roy Eldridge. In the early 1960s, I put together a recording session in which Roy played for the first time with Charles Mingus, a particularly formidable modernist. Roy had lapsed from fashion; in the 1960 *Down Beat* list of trumpet players, he hadn't picked up even the necessary fifteen votes to be mentioned. Yet here he was, driving himself and Mingus through a series of riveting performances.

A hanger-on, a young hornman from Detroit who thought jazz trumpet had started with Dizzy Gillespie, gaped in some awe at this 50-year-old deep swinger. Eldridge, watching the Detroiter out of the corner of his eye, unleashed a leaping, searing solo and then, laughing, pointed his index finger at the acolyte and said, "We're still trying, aren't we?"

In his late 60s, Eldridge continues to joust mightily. In the notes for *Roy Eldridge 4/Montreux '77* (Pablo Live), Norman Granz (owner of Pablo) tells of a recent conversation in which Eldridge reports a trumpet player having come on stand at Jimmy Ryan's—Roy's base in New York—and jamming. Eldridge listened for a while, and then, as he put it, "Baby, I roasted him. I smothered him."

It is Granz's accurate contention that this Pablo set represents Eldridge's most compelling playing in the past ten years. With pianist Oscar Peterson, drummer Bobby Durham, and the continually invigorating bassist Niels Pederson, Roy plays with biting, crackling joy—ballads, stomps, easy-rolling swingers and hurtling, snapping roller-coaster rides. Few horn players project such intense warmth —the passions of a lover in his springtime. But there isn't a mite of sentimentality. Roy's is a resilient, always hopeful, but never sappy lyricism. And his beat, one of the most powerful in jazz—a rhythm wave like the sea after a storm—is still punctuated, from time to time, by accents that sound like a whip crack.

An Eldridge younger than *Montreux '77* by some twenty-three years is present in a two-volume reissue, *Dizzy Gillespie and Roy Eldridge* (Verve). Roy had been a vital influence on Dizzy coming up. ("My whole world was turned around when I first heard him," Dizzy once said.) But Dizzy soon found his own blistering identity as one of the high commissioners of modern jazz. On the way, there had been cutting sessions with Roy, and at one of them, Dizzy had finally triumphed. Not that Roy ever acknowledged the defeat as more than a temporary clinker.

In any case, by the time of the Verve sessions, Dizzy was no longer a *bopper terrible*. He was practically a jazz statesman, dubbed so officially by the State Department. And Roy was Roy—somewhat more mellow, but still cocky. While these performances are not out-and-out combats, the competitiveness is manifest; and more to the listener's point, the music abounds in inventive surprises.

Norman Granz recorded that session too, and it was Granz who told me of a time when, presenting Oscar Peterson in the USSR, he was asked by an *Izvestia* reporter to name the one musician most fully embodying the spirit of jazz. Peterson kept trying to put in a vote for his own fount of inspiration—Art Tatum. Granz shrugged him off. "No," he turned to the man from *Izvestia*,

FRIDAY'S CHILD

We always called Cassandra
immature—the way she ran
through town with her electric hair
and torn clothes, telling us
what we already knew:
that regiments of clouds
were being formed
that could bombard us soon
with snow, could bury us;
that art is an equivocal gift;
that every flower awaited
its proper place
on our funeral wreaths.
We knew all that—
she was our own child.
But once betrothed to grief
what could we do but mourn?
We let her speak; and speak.
All words, anyway,
are epitaphs.

Linda Pastan

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Roy Eldridge is what jazz is all about. He's a musician for whom it's far more important to dare, to try to achieve a particular peak—even if he falls on his ass in the attempt—than it is to play safe. That's what jazz is all about."

You got to "come up with it," Roy keeps saying, and he keeps doing just that more than most. □

THEATRE

HAROLD CLURMAN

A long one-act piece, *The Last Street Play* by Richard Wesley, was produced last May at the Manhattan Theatre Club. Somewhat rewritten and slightly extended as *The Mighty Gents*, it is now being presented at the Ambassador Theatre. Wesley is a talented writer and his play, in both its versions, has power and poignancy.

Though its plot concerns youths of high school age (who did not attend high school), youths who inspire themselves with a sense of manhood by joining street gangs, and later as adults find themselves empty-handed, socially impotent, sustained only by a vague hope of extricating themselves from their present plight and by semi-jocular roughhouse and drink, the play's details supply only the ground for a larger issue. It communicates the all-pervading sadness of black ghetto life of which its attendant humors and special "picturesqueness" are seen as part of the basic sorrow.

Frankie, the youngest and most vigorous of the group (eloquently played by Dorian Harewood), is married to Rita who dearly loves him and whose love he painfully returns. He fears having the child she so passionately craves because he cannot offer a family anything like security. He seeks, he knows not how or where, "the light at the end of the tunnel."

He avoids the broken-down old wino —symbol of failure—who wishes to hold on to the former street gang, "the mighty gents." Frankie is in turn shunned by Braxton, one-time leader of the "Zombies," now a pimp, whose arm Frankie as a boy broke in a kind of local vendetta. Braxton has become a success—that is, rich—because, he asserts, he has achieved the gift of mercilessness. He has nothing but contempt for Frankie, who lacking that gift is a flop.

Frankie hits on the scheme of acquiring some "loot" by holding up Braxton and dividing the spoils among his "mighty gent" companions. The plan succeeds but the triumphant escapade ends only in shame and general catastrophe.

The keynote of the play is struck not so much by this violent and melodramatic episode as by Rita's repeated cry, "Baby," addressed to Frankie, and his whispered response of the same word with its plaintive tone of constant loneliness, longing, love and despair. It tells us as surely as any pathetic speech that the community is condemned by a self-abasement that is in good part due to the general social indifference of the "outside world."

The material base of the play is naturalistic. But it is projected through soliloquies expository of character as well as circumstances, and by writing that approaches poetic utterance. The play attains a scope beyond the limitations of the slice-of-life or genre drama and so redeems itself from the narrowness and merely individual interest of plays of cognate category. Yet it is naturalism just the same, a healthy naturalism, and thus by no means outdated or obsolete—as some critics, following fashion, maintain.

One of the chief attractions of *The Mighty Gents*, and integral to the whole, is the acting. The emotional authenticity of Starletta DuPois as Rita and the grieved righteousness of Frank Adu as Frankie's father, as well as the bold strokes of characterization, moving from their realistic source to almost epic sweep in the performances of Richard Gant, Brent Jennings, Mansoor Najeeullah, make the entire event especially memorable. Above all there is Morgan Freeman as Zeke, the aging and derelict wino who serves as something like a chorus, and who in a superbly written and delivered speech combines the saving humanity and the degraded condition of the lot. It is a sharply graphic portrait of the comedically horrendous and the pitiful.

What I deplore, however, is the temptation, evident in many producers, to believe that when a play like *The Mighty Gents* has been recognized off-Off-Broadway it should be brought to a large house on Broadway. With very

SUBSCRIPTION FORM

I enclose $_____ payment for:

☐ 1 year (47 issues) $21.00 ☐ 2 years (94 issues) $37.00

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Send to: ☐ Gift subscription 1 year $18.00

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

THE NATION

333 Sixth Avenue, New York, NY 10014

Add $1.00 per year for Canada and Mexico; add $2.00 per year for all other foreign subscriptions.

5/6/78

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

few exceptions, such plays fail there. Broadway has become primarily a place for Big Entertainment to be consumed by audiences that can afford $15 or more for an orchestra seat. One cannot be serious about the theatre without recognizing its economic problems, which are at the same time cultural problems. □

FILMS

ROBERT HATCH

Word Is Out is a documentary (by the Mariposa Film Group) in which twenty or more homosexual men and women talk about the problems and satisfactions of their sexual preferences. The conversations (primarily monologues) are intercut and arranged in three main sections: the youthful years when the respondents discovered they were "different"; the development of a way of life, usually a secret way; the situation in which they find themselves today. For the most part, they seem to come from middle-class, small-town backgrounds and to be financially comfortable. And the fact that one puts that statement tentatively reflects a central problem with this thoughtful, often engrossing and moving film.

About halfway through *Word Is Out* I decided I had been underestimating the work a psychoanalyst does to earn his excellent wages. Listening for two hours to the autobiographical preoccupations of a group, all but one or two of whom talk with spectacular ease, is a wearing business. Furthermore, and unlike the analyst, we get to know precious little about these people except that they are homosexual. Inevitably, one begins to feel they are obsessed by their sexual orientation, a view that almost certainly distorts the content of their lives; though men and women who enter relationships which until recently society denounced as vile, and which are still viewed with serious misgivings compounded by morbid curiosity, will naturally devote more thought to their proclivities than do those whose sexuality is "normal." On balance, I wonder whether this well-meaning film is a useful way to "adjust" the straight world to the gay world. When you select a group of people on the basis of a shared minority trait, you cannot fail to ghettoize them; you could do it even with the community of the left-handed (a minority to which I belong) by bringing us together to discuss the problems of scissors and being pressured to write with the "right" hand.

However, in my youth I was merely chivied for my peculiarity, never persecuted, and one of the merits of these personal histories is that they bring home to the heterosexual majority the wicked ignorance of its treatment of homosexuals. All of these men and women are scarred by their pasts—the older ones, I am happy to report, more terribly than their juniors. They were ostracized by their families; they were thrown into lunatic asylums, subjected to shock therapy, threatened with castration. Above all, they were condemned to loneliness. One of those interviewed —an expansive sort of man with something of a beer belly; the sort of fellow one expects to see in the bleachers of a ballpark on a weekday afternoon—breaks down and weeps on camera when he recalls how, in the gay bar he once frequented, the men in the place would put their arms around one another at the end of the evening and sing a simple-minded song of solidarity.

What else does the picture disclose? It makes, of course, the obvious point that homosexuals come in all sizes, shapes and colors—that although there is a whole set of stereotypes, there is no such thing as a typical homosexual. Also, I got the impression that the women were more at ease than the men in their style of life, that they had less need to "prove" themselves. If that is so generally, it probably stems from the fact that, at least in Anglo-Saxon society, the affectionate behavior of women and their decision to live together have not stigmatized them to the degree that they mark homosexual men. More important, perhaps, and particularly in recent years, lesbians participate not only in gay liberation but also in the struggle for women's rights, and that gives them an identification with their whole sex that the men lack.

I do not underestimate what the women have suffered for their homosexuality; one of those in the film who was married and had several children before she discovered that she was a lesbian, then had those children stripped from her; her sorrow is not easy to watch. Nevertheless, the participants in the film who rather flaunt their homosexuality, acting they say on principle, are all men; and the only one who, in a sense, apologizes is a Terry Thomas type of successful executive who falls into confusion while trying to dissociate himself from the extrovert queens. It is worth noting, moreover, that whereas "lesbian" is a non-pejorative term available to the women, the men must get along with the likes of "gay," "faggot" and once or twice "queer."

All in all, I think *Word Is Out* well worth seeing. It never builds much momentum and its individual portraits do not cohere into a readily graspable picture but the people are bright, often they are witty and the time spent with them is at least a first step toward overcoming the sense of exoticism that has walled them off from the larger community. I wish that a way had been found to become acquainted with them in a context broader than their sexual natures, since that is a part of a person that plays a relatively small part in social intercourse or even in friendship. However, this emphasis does in itself make clear how far we have still to go before homosexuals are assimilated. It is true that, by comparison with the situation in the recent past, they are no longer abused, but they are still a long way from being accepted. The screen, it happens, is a fairly accurate gauge of acceptance. Blacks, for example, used to be seen exclusively in menial or comic roles; then they appeared as heroes, often racially militant ones. Now, more and more, they play characters who, quite incidentally, are black. Homosexuals are no longer displayed to be sneered at and, once or twice, I have seen films in which their sexuality is treated with dignity. When the screen shows them as heroes or villains, as men or women whose sexual orientation is irrelevant to the story, we can hope that their banishment from the larger community is coming to an end.

Tony Richardson, having in *Tom Jones* so successfully exploited the erotic potentialities of dining, contrives in *Joseph Andrews* to let Lady Booby (Ann-Margret) ingest a spear of asparagus. Thus one sees that on the screen Fielding's other famous romp is a sequel to the first, though in 18th-century fiction it was a parody on Samuel Richardson's (no relation, I believe) *Pamela.*

Other than that, the picture is a richly dressed, broadly performed and pleasantly ribald enactment of Richardson's hilarious absurdity, a tumbling adventure that involves highwaymen, grave robbers, a witches' sabbath, urban decadence contrasted with bucolic charms and other delights too numerous to mention, all enlivened by the busy gypsies who have been switching babies from cradle to cradle in ways that raise alarms of incest in one situation only to have it threaten in another even more surprising. Peter Firth is the virginal Joseph, Michael Hordern (Parson Adams) his intrepid patron, Natalie Ogle his own true darling. It is entirely unnecessary to see *Joseph Andrews,* but those who do will have fun. □

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

classified

$1.50 per line / 2 line minimum/ 6 words (45 characters or spaces) per line/ Payment in advance must accompany all orders for less than three consecutive insertions. Classified Display: $20 per inch/ one inch minimum. Send to The Nation, 333 Sixth Ave., N.Y.C. 10014.

PUBLICATIO... of ...ment ...iers," Lake-

Design' ...ocracy, Inc., Ohio 44874.

WORLD DEMO... TIVE... 400 Titles up Assortment. Save ...IA, Monmouth, IL

READ THE GUARDIAN—newsweekly gives Marxist viewpoint on national and international news. Special 6-week trial subscription, $1. Full year $17. GUARDIAN, Dept. N, 33 West 17th Street, New York City 10011.

FOR WRITERS

AUTHORS: WANT to be published? Inexpensive subsidy publishing. MOJAVE BOOKS, 7040-A Darby Avenue, Reseda, California 91335.

OUT-OF-PRINT BOOKS

BOOKS FROM STOCK or will search. Friedman, Box 847, Easton, PA. 18042.

PERSONALS

SINGLE BOOKLOVERS gets cultured, single, widowed or divorced persons acquainted. Est. 1970. Nationwide. Write Box AE, Swarthmore, PA. 19081.

WANTED. Active members for THE COMMITTEE FOR THE ON-GOING REVOLUTION. Don't just stand there! JOIN NOW. For information write COMFORT, 605 W. 47 St., Suite 114, Kansas City, Mo. 64112.

TRAVEL

PEACE SEMINAR to Soviet Union for disarmament and detente discussions will occur August 6-27. Tour to Cuba, October 7-21. Applications are welcome. Contact Promoting Enduring Peace, Box 103, Woodmont, Conn. 06460.

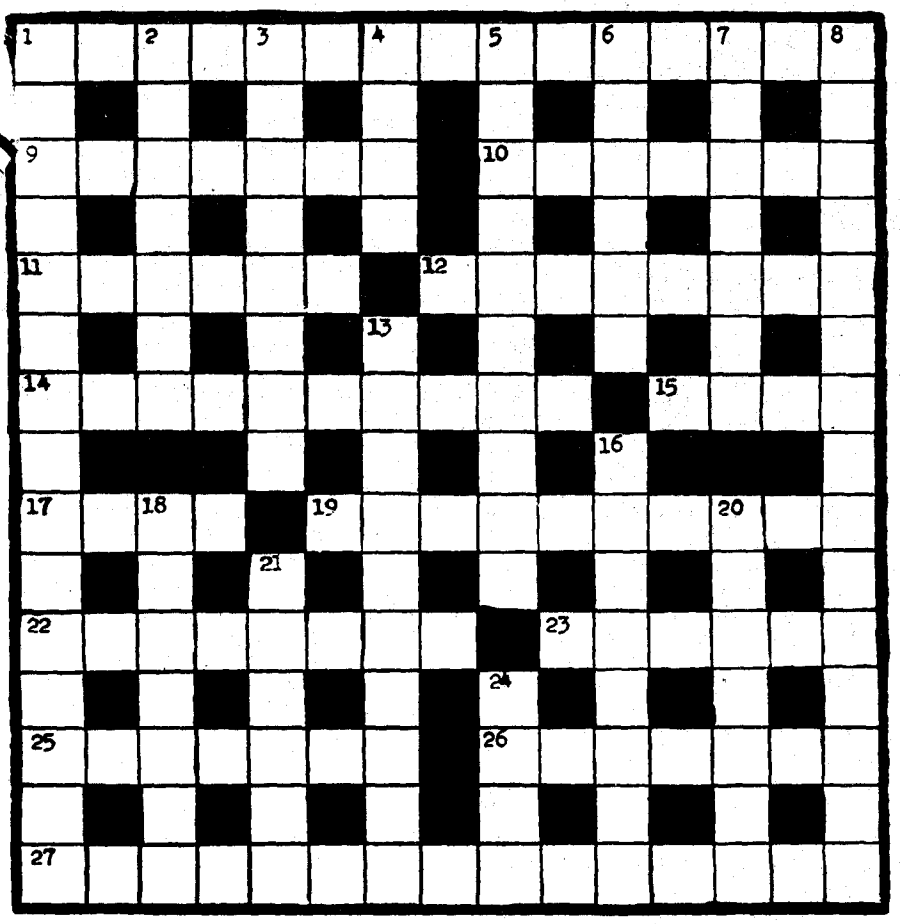
MISCELLANEOUS

"BROWN'S THE ONE" Bumperstickers or buttons 2/$1. Matchbooks—50/$2. Dept. N, Box 762, 681 Ellis, San Francisco, California, 94109.

BERTRAND RUSSELL Society. New. Information: N24 RD 1, Box 409, Coopersburg, Pa. 18036.

Crossword Puzzle No. 1725

FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS

1 How we always see the moon to be where we look, optimistically, (2, 3, 6, 4)
9 Present for a stray dog to tear. (7)
10 It might be the 9 that goes away. (7)
11 By the sound of it, accuse someone of showing how to write a speech. (6)
12 More impudent, having more on either side of the face. (8)
14 Those who are adept at take-offs get to be cross and confused. (10)
15 A late alteration on the Gulf of Aqaba. (4)
17 See 24 down
19 There's no price on such things. (10)
22 It makes one a pure Frenchman, for example. (8)
23 Put things aside. (6)
25 Giving one's view here would be a matter of painful longing after nothing. (7)
26 How signal-conscious drivers move hither and yon, at great speed. (2,3,2)
27 Tuppence worth implied by the popping weasel, in many a kit. (6,3,6)

DOWN

1 Very, very seldom, if ever. (4,2,1,4,4)
2 It's a red-letter combination for prolonged outbursts. (7)
3 By mistake, I once let someone into the office by it. (8)
4 Coming up with the most important parts tells on one. (4)
5 The sort of power that makes the realm go? (10)
6 *The Prince* exemplifies them, in more than one way. (6)
7 One goes 50-50 with the faculty of deliberate action—it's a hostile feeling. (3,4)
8 They called his father "Longshanks." (6,3,6)
13 In Latin, a good translation for a toothache. (10)
16 This bird is a crazy one to go to cover on board ship. (8)
18 Like a crow, sort of over-nice, all but the tail. (7)
20 One has to in good faith. (7)
21 Did Sisyphus have such a struggle? (6)
24 and 17 across Things that carry it are really quite charming! (4,4)

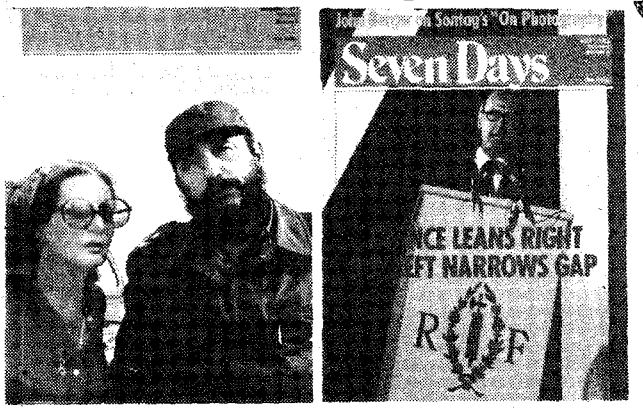
SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1724

ACROSS: 1 Telegraph pole; 9 Kings; 10 Penetrate; 11 Trigamy; 12 Scrooge; 13 In two; 14 Deodorant; 16 Grease gun; 18 Those; 19 Extends; 21 Eremite; 22 Stop thief; 23 Charm; 24 Human interest. DOWN: 1 Take things easy; 2 and 20 Long in the tooth; 3 Gestapo; 4 Apply; 5 Hands down; 6 Ontario; 7 Erato; 8 Peter the Hermit; 14 Digestion; 15 Atomic age; 17 Sanctum; 18 Treacle; 21 Elfin.

Readers are invited to send for a free copy of Mr. Lewis's "ground rules." Address Puzzle Department, *The Nation*, 333 Sixth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10014.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Seven Da vs. We start arguments left and right.



Seven Days, the alternative news magazine, is fast becoming the most talked about bi-weekly in America. We've managed to excite the left, provoke the right, and win over the middle-of-the-roaders by reporting *all* the news. Throughout the country people are repeating what we're reporting.

So if you've been at a loss for words lately let us send you something to talk about.

Subscribe. Fill out the coupon below and send it in.

A world you never see in *Time* and *Newsweek*.

Seven Days 206 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10010

SAVE 40% OFF NEWSSTAND PRICE

_ ***Only*** $9.00 for 15 issues.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____ **Zip** _____

☐ $ _____ payment enclosed (make payable to *Seven Days*)

☐ Bill my credit card account:

Master Charge # _____

4 digit Inter-Bank _____

Bank Americard # _____

Card expiration date _____

☐ *Bill me later*

807

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED